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# TARGET

COMICS

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OCTOBER



VOL. 9 NO. 8

10¢

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WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM





# TARGET HITS AND MISSES



Editors' Page

## THE EDITORS WRITE:

Dear Readers:

We have a question for you, Associate Editors. What is a "splash" panel? Is it a picture with water in it, or is it the first picture in one of our stories?

Answer: a splash panel is the first picture in one of our stories. Look to the right: the picture of Kit and Dan in the plane is a splash panel. Our artists usually draw small panels in the stories. But panel #1 may be much larger—it "splashes" all over a half-page or more. The purpose of these pictures is to give you an idea of the story. The splash panel may not be an actual scene from the story. Look at "Gary Stark." Here the artist wants to arouse your interest in the story but not to give away too many details.

Many of you tell us you like to draw. Splash panels are fun for drawing practice. Read our stories. Then see if you can draw better splash panels than our artists. Remember, your picture should make someone want to read the story.

Cordially yours,  
The Editors

## THE READERS WRITE:

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading TARGET COMICS. My friends and I find it very interesting. We decided to hold an election for the best comic book of the year. The score ended up ten to one in favor of TARGET COMICS as the funny book of the year.

Faithfully yours,  
Charles Chatalian  
Lawrence, Mass.

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I am in the sixth grade and I try very hard to pass my grades, but I find time to read your TARGET COMICS.

Most of all I want to tell you what a wonderful job your artists are doing in painting such beautiful pictures. Not only are they beautiful, but so wonderful because you paint pictures that look realistic.

TARGET has been a favorite of mine for over five years and is going to be as long as I can get them.

A TARGET fan,  
Betty C. Brasfield  
Jackson, Tenn.

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

You sure have a swell magazine. The first time I saw TARGET was when I received a February issue from my grandmother on my birthday. I think

it is really good. I not only like the stories in TARGET but the excitement and the colors on the cover and the expressions on the characters' faces.

A faithful reader from now on.

Yours truly,  
Lois Westerfield  
Cleveland, Ohio

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I am a TARGET fan. I like TARGET COMICS very much. My favorites are "Gary Stark," "Target and the Targeteers," and "The Cadet."

I am nine years old. I am in the fourth grade. I like TARGET because they do things that don't seem impossible. The drawings are neat. The colors are bright also. TARGET COMICS are interesting too.

I like the sports which "The Cadet" does. Again I'll say TARGET COMICS are my favorite comics.

A TARGET fan,  
Norman Glynn Williams  
Marion, Ala.

\* \* \*

Dear Sirs:

After reading your May issue of TARGET COMICS, I have only one "gripe." On the Editors' page, the readers that write into you praise only "The Cadet," "The Chameleon," "Gary Stark," and "The Targeteers." Nobody gives

credit to Milt Hammer and his cartoons. They afford enjoyment in between the other adventure stories. I'm not saying that the others aren't O.K., but I think more and more credit should be given to Milt Hammer. I myself am interested in cartooning and would appreciate it if one of your cartoonists would send me one of their original drawings.

Yours for a better comic,  
Tom Shay  
Philadelphia, Pa.

*We can't send you any originals, Tom, as they all go into the printing of our book.*

\* \* \*

Dear Sir:

All my friends on our block never miss an issue of TARGET. I am the secretary of our club and the fellows nominated me to write to you. Your cover is easily distinguished from the other comic books by the bright colors on it. It stands out from the rest. We never have trouble finding it.

Our favorite character is Kit Carter, who is always trying to help others. We also enjoy Art Hefan's comic characters, "Target and the Targeteers" we like because of the action-packed adventure. Keep up the good work.

A TARGET fan,  
Dick Worthing  
St. Louis Park, Minn.

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO TARGET, 119 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

Printed in the U.S.A.

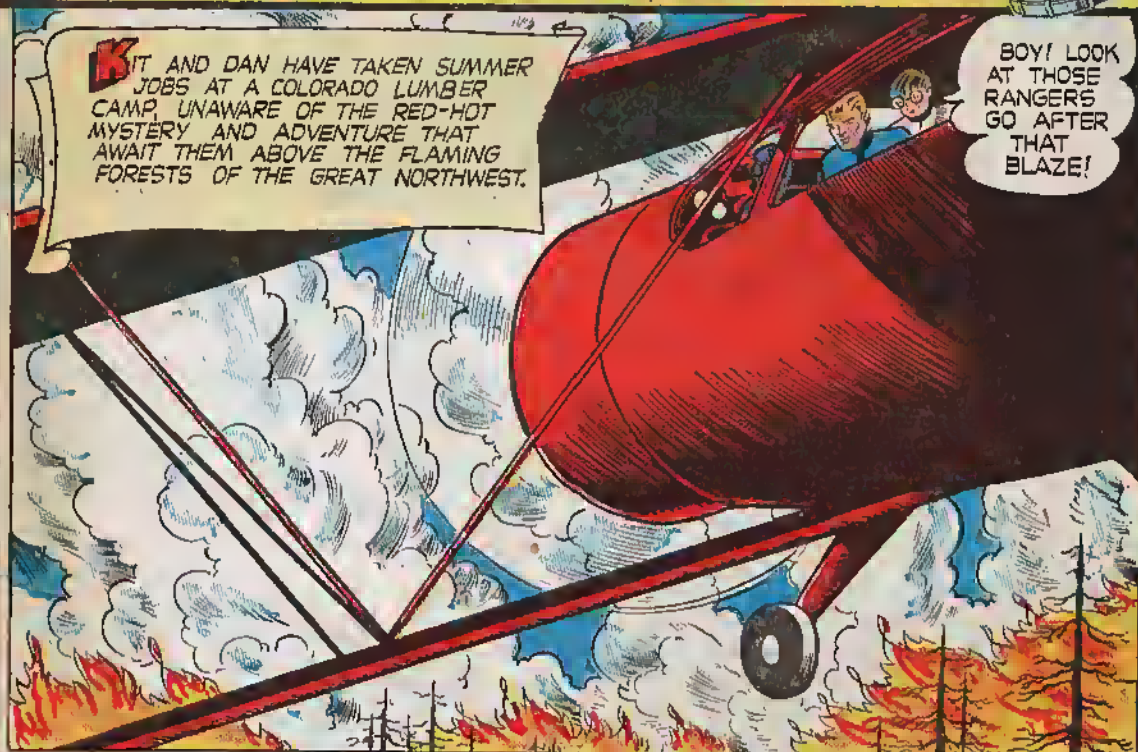
# THE CADET

Featuring **KIT CARTER**



**K**IT AND DAN HAVE TAKEN SUMMER JOBS AT A COLORADO LUMBER CAMP, UNAWARE OF THE RED-HOT MYSTERY AND ADVENTURE THAT AWAITS THEM ABOVE THE FLAMING FORESTS OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST.

BOY! LOOK AT THOSE RANGERS GO AFTER THAT BLAZE!



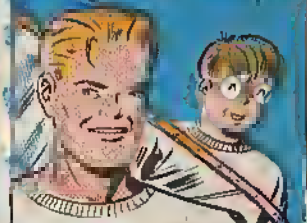
*The CADETS HAVE BEEN ASSIGNED TO SERVICE THE LUMBER COMPANY'S HELICOPTER AT A TINY AIRFIELD SHARED WITH TAD SIMMS OF THE U.S. FOREST RANGERS' PATROL.*

NOW THAT YOU FELLOWS HAVE FINISHED GASSING UP THAT FLYING WASHING MACHINE, HOW ABOUT A RIDE IN A REAL PLANE?



THANKS, TAD-- I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO RIDE IN ONE OF THOSE FIRE-SPOTTING PLANES!

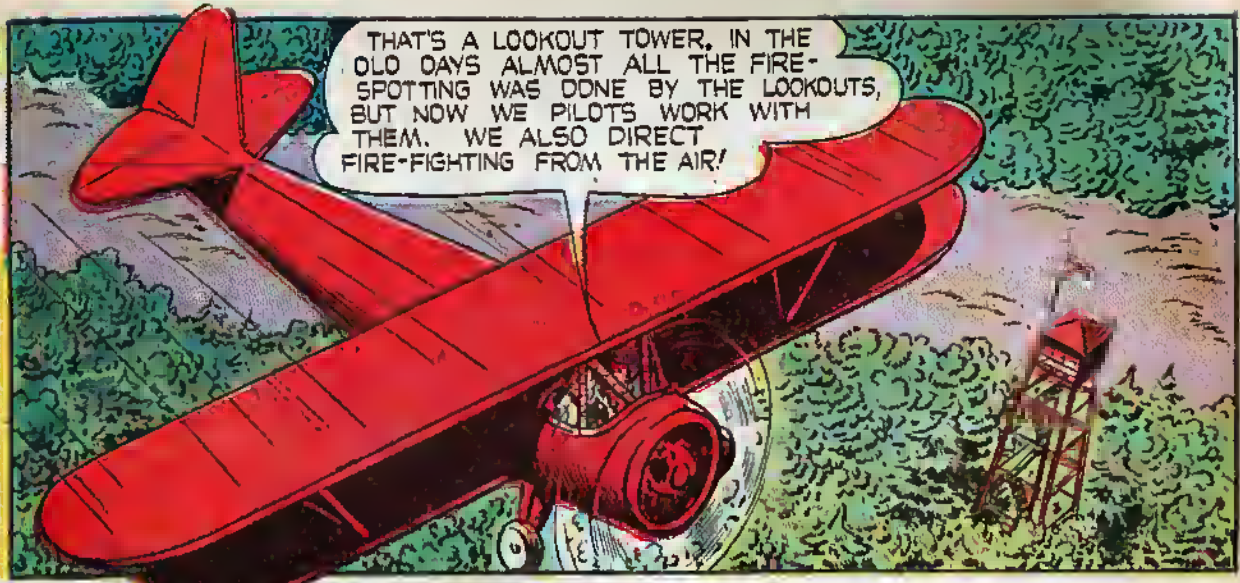
I HAVE THE SAME BURNING AMBITION. LET'S GO!




Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager  
Katharine Urban, Story Editor; Mel Cummin, Art Director

TARGET COMICS, Vol. 9, No. 8, Oct., 1948, published monthly by The Premium Group of Comics, a Division of The Premium Service Co. Inc., P. O. Box 1198, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa. Editorial offices, 119 West 19th Street, New York 11, N. Y. Printed in U. S. A., copyright 1948 by The Premium Service Co. Inc. Price 10 cents per copy. Subscription price \$2.00 per year in U. S. A. Entered as Second-Class matter, December 5, 1939, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. All characters and incidents described or depicted in stories (except those based on history or fact) are fictitious. Any resemblance to living persons is a coincidence.






THAT'S A LOOKOUT TOWER, IN THE OLD DAYS ALMOST ALL THE FIRE-SPOTTING WAS DONE BY THE LOOKOUTS, BUT NOW WE PILOTS WORK WITH THEM. WE ALSO DIRECT FIRE-FIGHTING FROM THE AIR!




YOU RANGERS DO A GREAT JOB. I GUESS NOT MANY FOLKS REALIZE THAT ONE-THIRD OF THE UNITED STATES IS FOREST LAND.

DO YOU HAVE MANY FIRES IN THIS AREA, TAD?

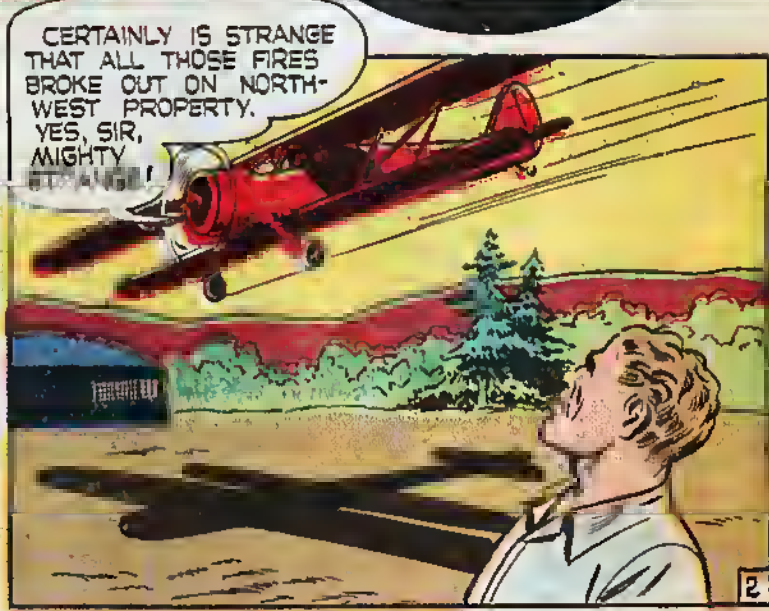


STRANGE THING-- IN THE PAST MONTH WE'VE HAD AN OUTBREAK OF BLAZES, AND THE PUZZLING THING IS...



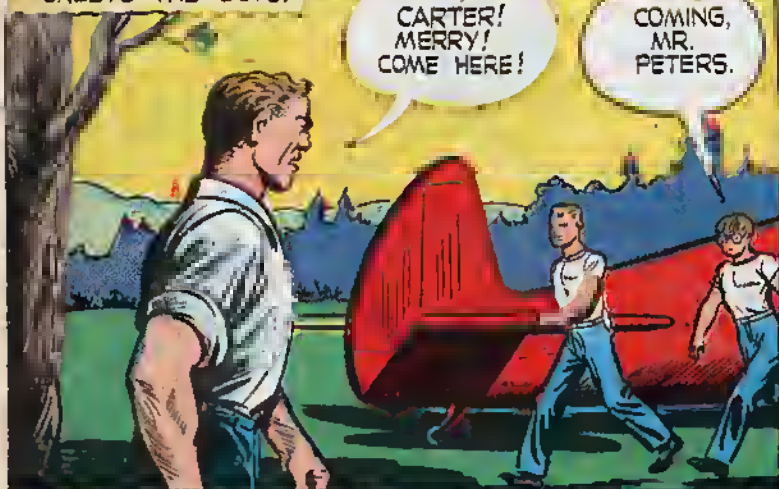
EVERY FIRE HAS BROKEN OUT ON PROPERTY BELONGING TO THE NORTHWEST LUMBER COMPANY!

HOLY HEMLOCK! THAT'S OUR OUTFIT!



CERTAINLY IS STRANGE THAT ALL THOSE FIRES BROKE OUT ON NORTHWEST PROPERTY. YES, SIR, MIGHTY STRANGE!

**THE FOREMAN OF THE NORTHWEST LUMBER COMPANY GREETES THE BOYS.**

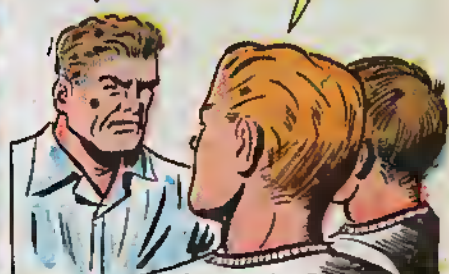


CARTER!  
MERRY!  
COME HERE!

COMING,  
MR. PETERS.

WHAT'S  
THE IDEA--  
TAKING A  
JOY-RIDE WHEN  
YOU'VE GOT  
WORK TO  
DO!?

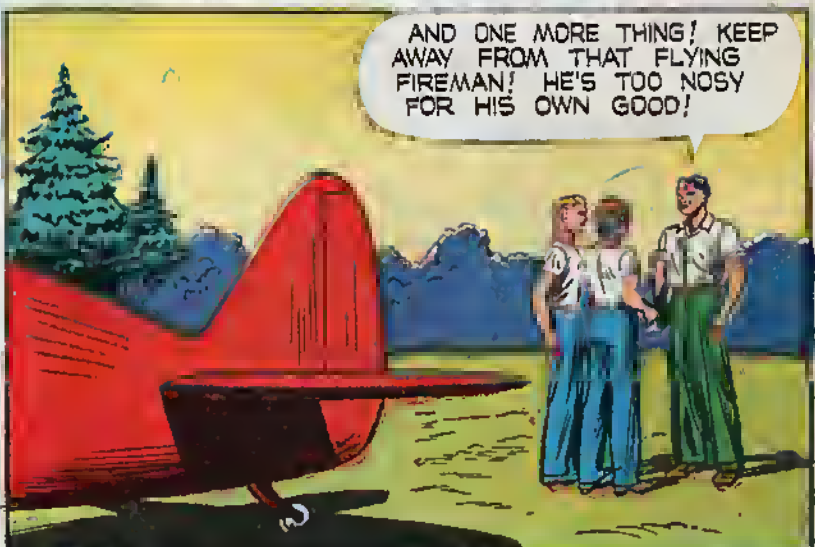
BUT, MR. PETERS--  
WE WERE  
FINISHED GASS-  
ING UP THE  
'COPTER WHEN  
WE LEFT.  
WE WERE  
GONE ONLY--



SKIP THE EXCUSES! HERE-  
AFTER WHEN YOU FINISH A  
JOB, REPORT TO ME. I'LL  
GIVE YOU ANOTHER ONE--  
UNDERSTAND?

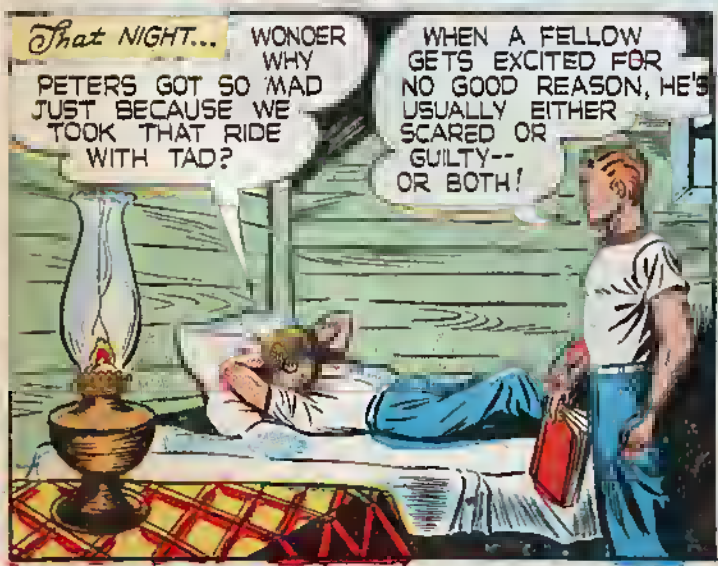


AND ONE MORE THING! KEEP  
AWAY FROM THAT FLYING  
FIREMAN! HE'S TOO NOSY  
FOR HIS OWN GOOD!



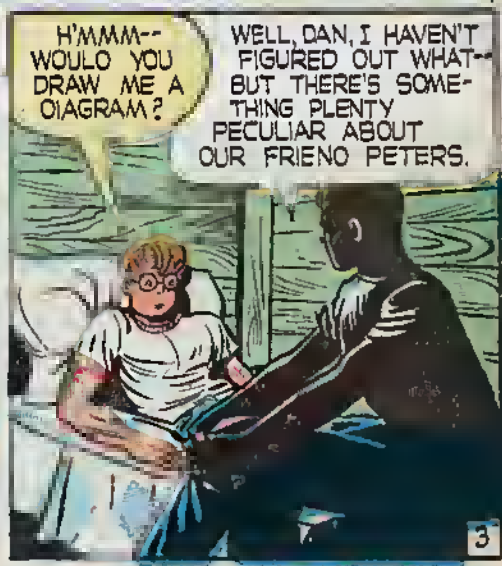
*That NIGHT...* WONDER  
WHY  
PETERS GOT SO MAD  
JUST BECAUSE WE  
TOOK THAT RIDE  
WITH TAD?

WHEN A FELLOW  
GETS EXCITED FOR  
NO GOOD REASON, HE'S  
USUALLY EITHER  
SCARED OR  
GUILTY--  
OR BOTH!



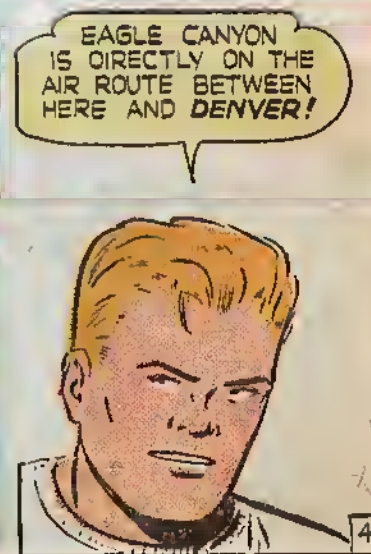
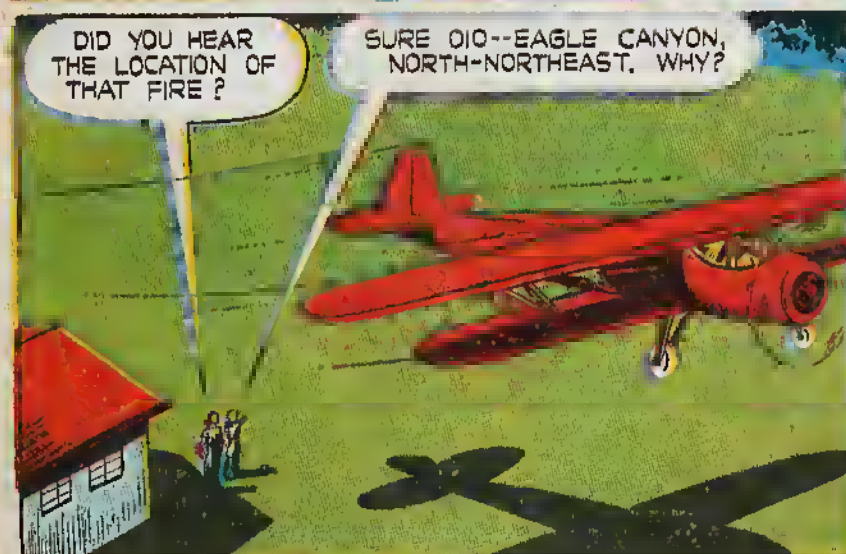
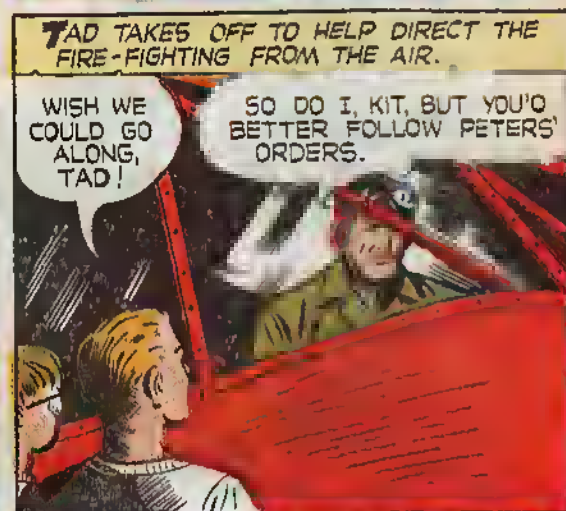
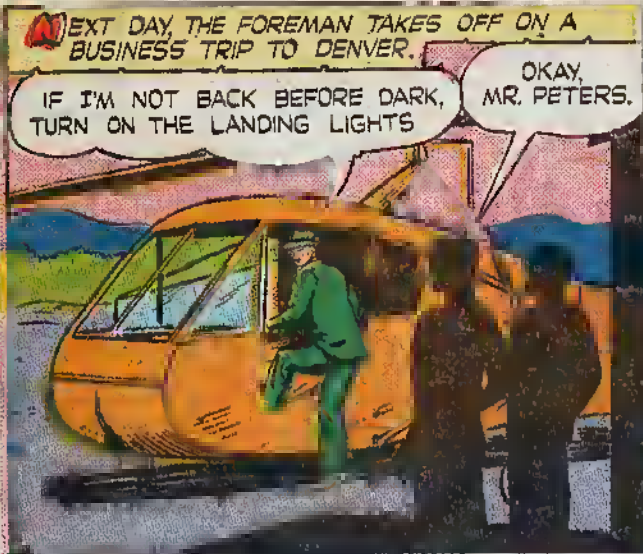
H'MMM--  
WOULD YOU  
DRAW ME A  
DIAGRAM?

WELL, DAN, I HAVEN'T  
FIGURED OUT WHAT--  
BUT THERE'S SOME-  
THING PLENTY  
PECULIAR ABOUT  
OUR FRIEND PETERS.

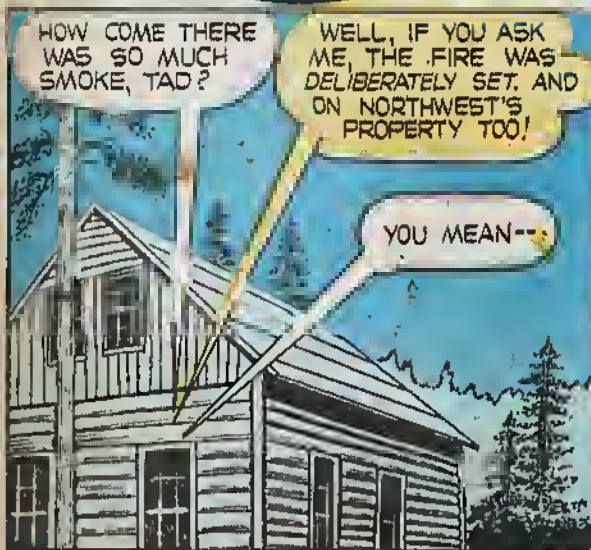
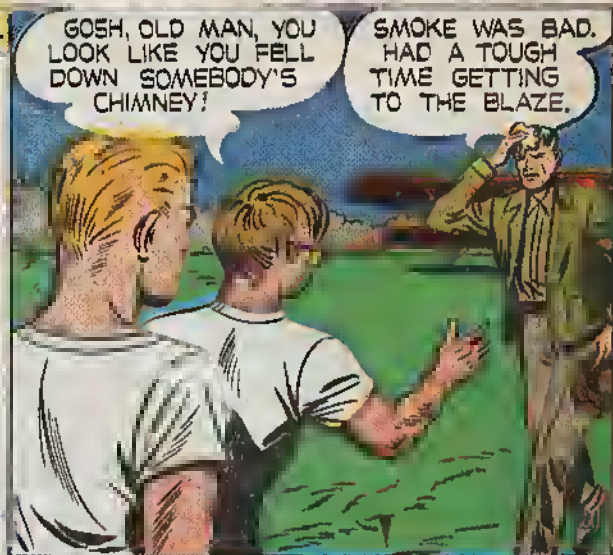


**Q 1 What was name of territory between Ohio, Miss. Rivers, and Great Lakes around 1785?**



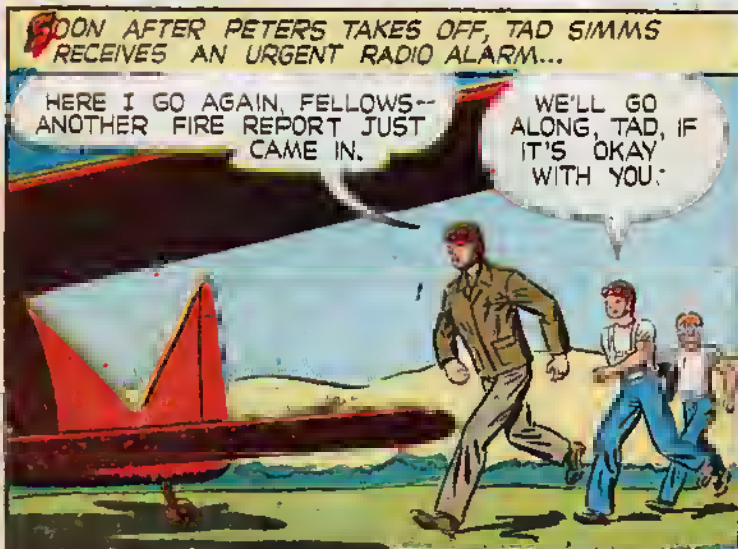
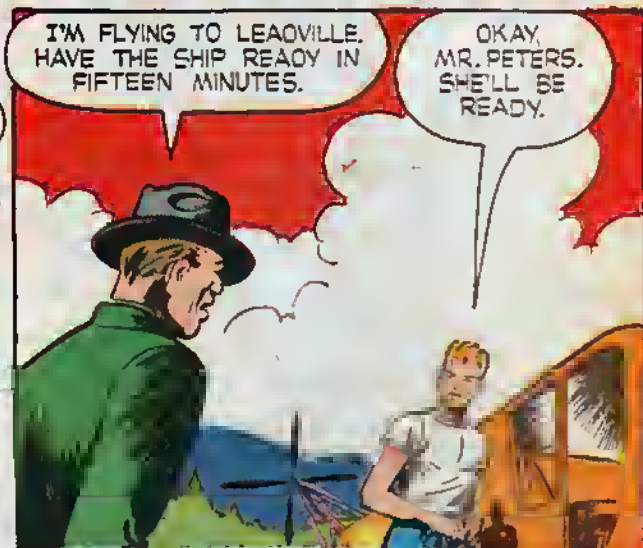
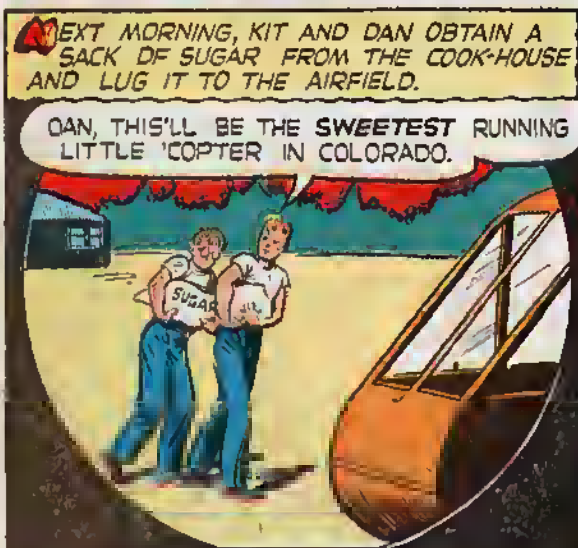
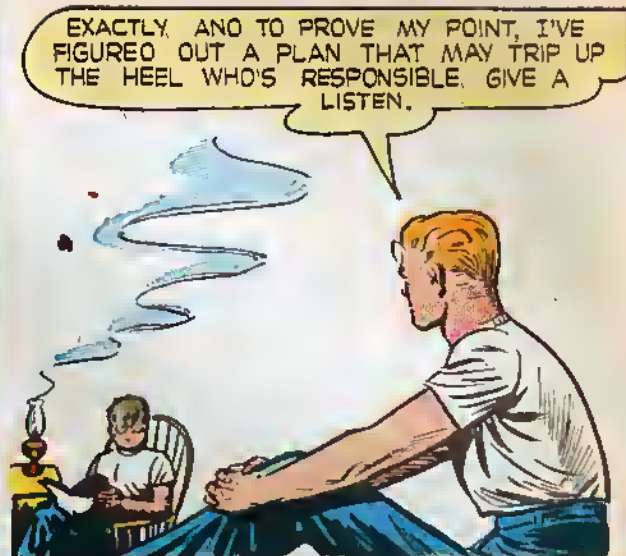
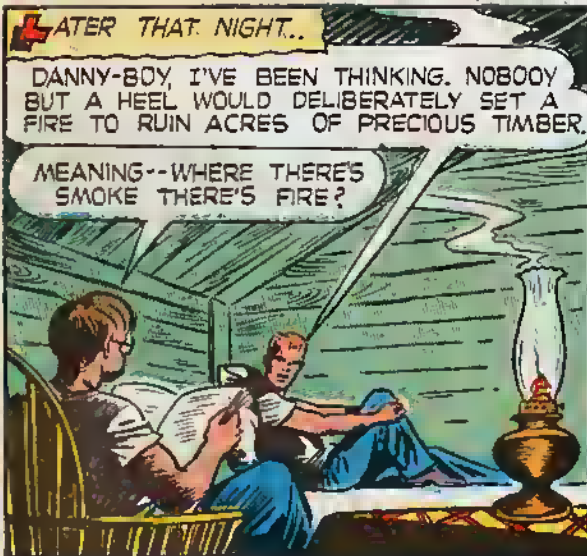


SEVERAL HOURS LATER, THE RANGER RETURNS.



Q 2 What device is often used by an Army or Navy to conceal its activities? Hint above.







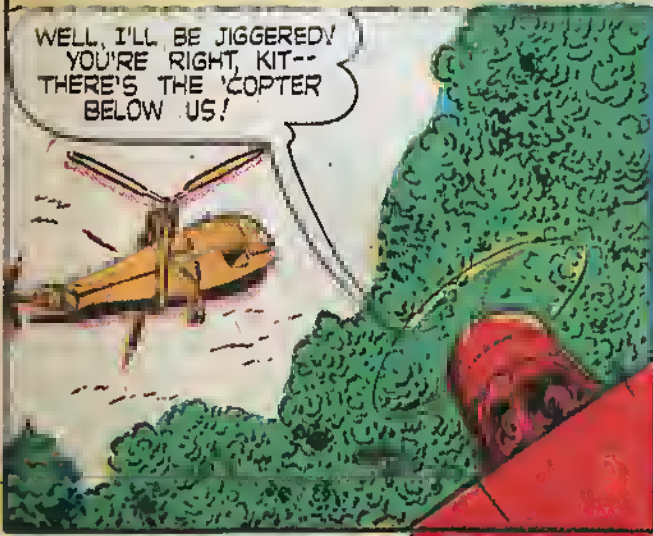
IT'S A BAD BLAZE,  
BUT THOSE BOYS DOWN  
THERE'LL SOON HAVE  
IT UNDER CONTROL.

THE OLD HOOK-AND-  
LADDER WAS NEVER  
LIKE THIS.



MYSTIFIED, TAD AGREES TO MAKE A  
RECONNAISSANCE FLIGHT TO LOCATE THE  
'COPTER. A FEW MILES NORTH OF THE FIRE SCENE...

WELL, I'LL BE JIGGERED!  
YOU'RE RIGHT, KIT--  
THERE'S THE 'COPTER  
BELOW US!



HALF-HOUR LATER... HELICOPTER?  
WHAT DO  
YOU MEAN,  
KIT?

LOOKS LIKE YOU  
RANGERS HAVE GOT  
'ER LICKED-- NOW LET'S  
START LOOKING FOR  
THAT HELICOPTER!



IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN, TAD, WE'LL  
FIND PETERS' HELICOPTER DOWN--  
NOT TOO FAR AWAY!



BUT WE CAN'T LAND  
HERE, KIT. THE FOREST  
IS TOO DENSE.

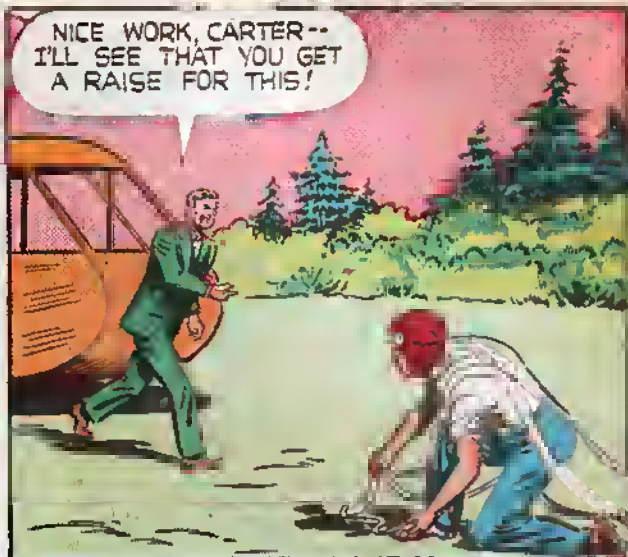
WHEN YOU  
FIND A PLACE,  
JOIN ME.  
I'M GOING TO  
JUMP NOW!







...YOUR MOTOR KONKED OUT  
BECAUSE I PUT SUGAR IN YOUR  
GAS TANK--AND THAT I'M HOLDING  
YOU FOR ARREST AS A DANGEROUS  
FIREBUG!



BEFORE YOU SMOTHER ME WITH KISSES,  
PETERS, IT'S ONLY FAIR TO TELL YOU  
THAT--



WHY, YOU MEDDLING SMART ALECK!  
I'LL SHOW YOU HOW DANGEROUS I AM!!

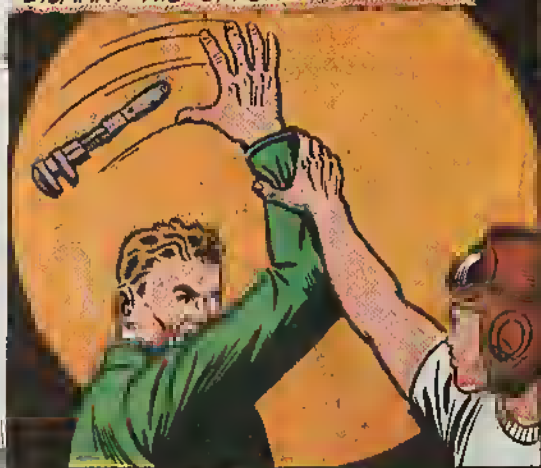




THE BURLY FOREMAN HURLS HIMSELF AT THE CADET...



...BUT KIT CALLS UPON DAUNTON-LEARNED KNOWLEDGE OF JUDO TO DISARM HIS OPPONENT.



**GNAEK!**



I'LL CONSIDER YOUR ATTACK ON ME A CONFESSION, PETERS, BUT IF THE RANGERS NEED FURTHER EVIDENCE--

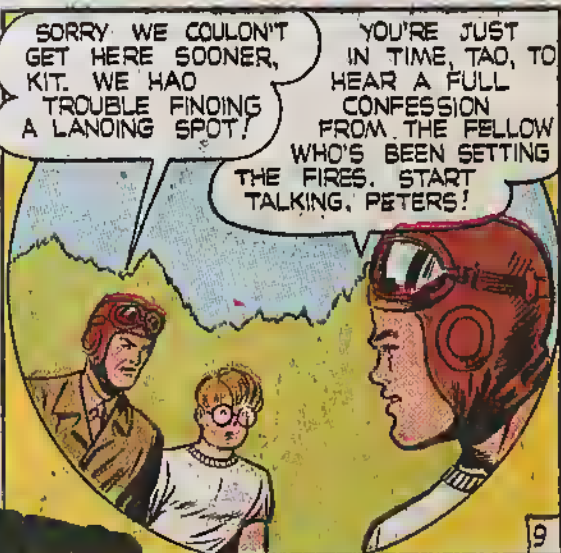


-- I'M SURE THESE EMPTY "BALLAST" TANKS ARE PROOF ENOUGH. THEY CERTAINLY HAVE A STRONG ODOOR OF KEROSENE!



SORRY WE COULDN'T GET HERE SOONER, KIT. WE HAD TROUBLE FINDING A LANDING SPOT!

YOU'RE JUST IN TIME, TAO, TO HEAR A FULL CONFESSION FROM THE FELLOW WHO'S BEEN SETTING THE FIRES. START TALKING, PETERS!

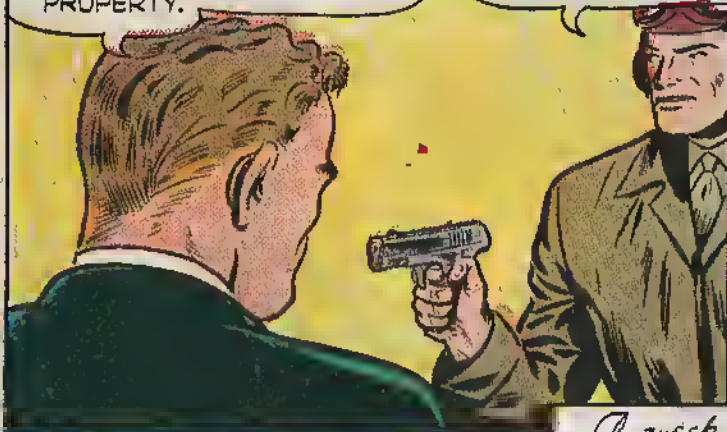




OKAY, OKAY, I DID IT! I SET FIRE TO KEROSENE-SOAKED RAGS AND TOSSED 'EM OUT ON NORTHWEST PROPERTY.

BUT WHY? YOU'RE FOREMAN OF THE NORTHWEST COMPANY--

YEAH, BUT I'M HEAD OF A RIVAL OUTFIT TOO! WE PLANNED TO PUT NORTHWEST OUT OF BUSINESS AND TAKE OVER THEIR NEWSPRINT CONTRACTS!



WELL, YOUR HIGH-FLYING DAYS ARE OVER FOR A WHILE, PETERS. YOU'LL BE STRICTLY EARTHBOUND IN A NICE CELL!



*A week later...*

SO LONG, BOYS. YOU DID A FINE JOB, KIT. I NEVER DREAMED THAT PETERS WAS THE FIREBUG!

THANKS, TAO, AND SO LONG.

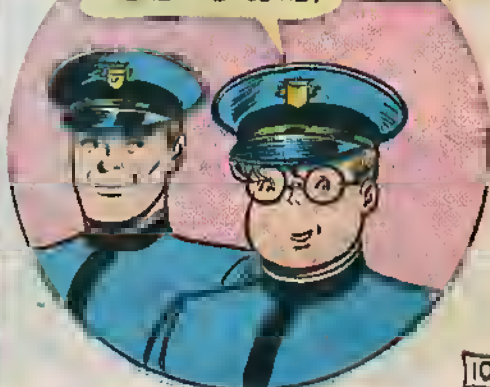


I WAS JUST THINKING, DAN. MEN LIKE TAO SIMMS DO A GREAT JOB OF PROTECTING OUR NATIONAL FORESTS.

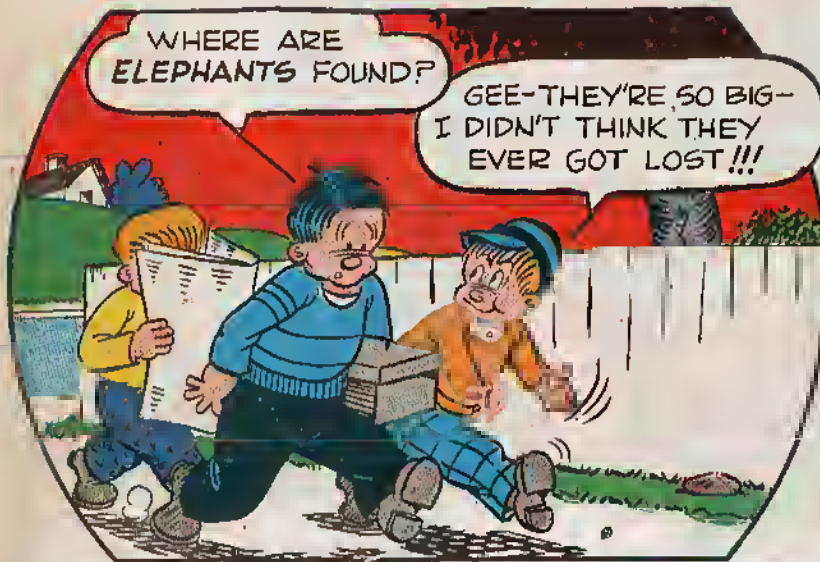
RIGHT, KIT! THE LOOKOUT TOWERS, THE RADIO NETWORK, ALL THAT FLYING TACKLE THEY USE-- HEY! WHAT AM I SAYING?



FLYING TACKLE! A BRAND-NEW FOOTBALL SEASON JUST AROUND THE CORNER! DEAR OLD DAUNTON, HERE WE COME!







# PULVEX FLEA POWDER

**TWO KINDS.**

**WITH 5% DDT**  
... for dogs. Kills fleas and lice quick. Keeps fleas off 5-7 days. Many home uses.

**OR WITH ROTENONE**  
... for cats, dogs. Quickly kills fleas, lice. Kills fleas when put on a single spot. Pre-war formula.

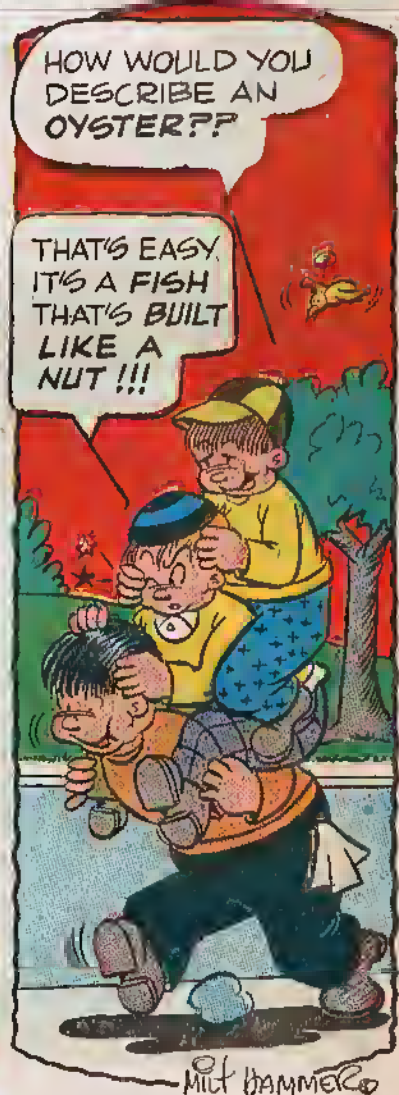
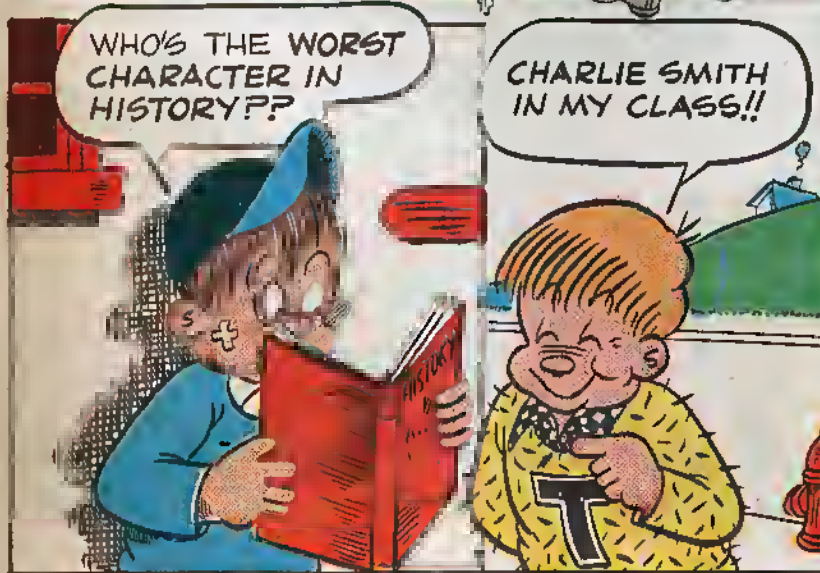
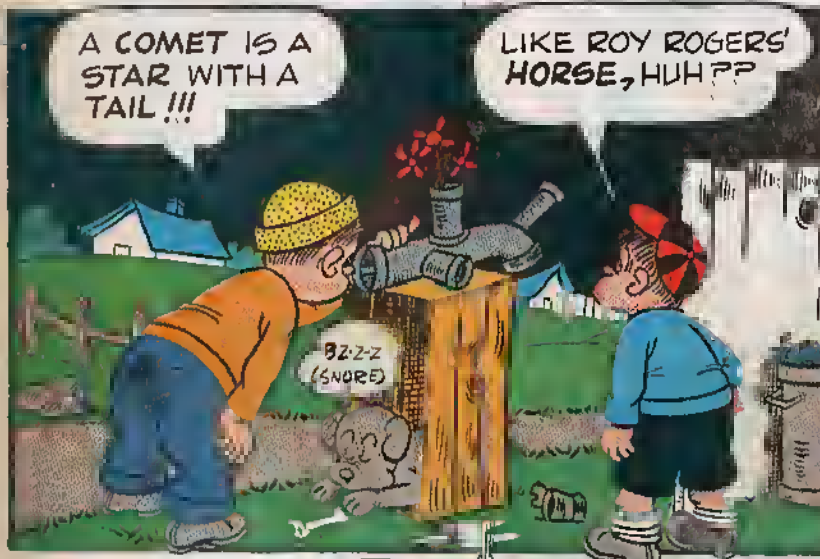
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# TARGET

## AND THE TARGETEERS

Niles Reed, Tom Brown, and Dave Foster are not super-mortal heroes! They are just three brave trouble-shooters. Their suits, with aim-attracting chest targets, offer one great protection. Flexible metal bullet-proof vests are concealed beneath the targets!



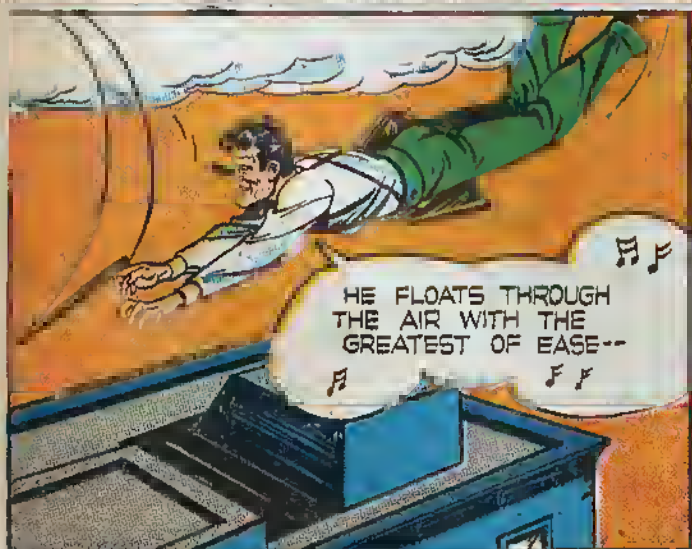
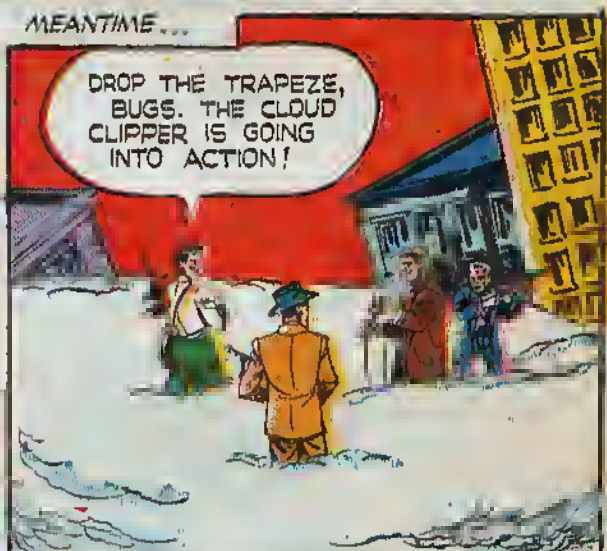
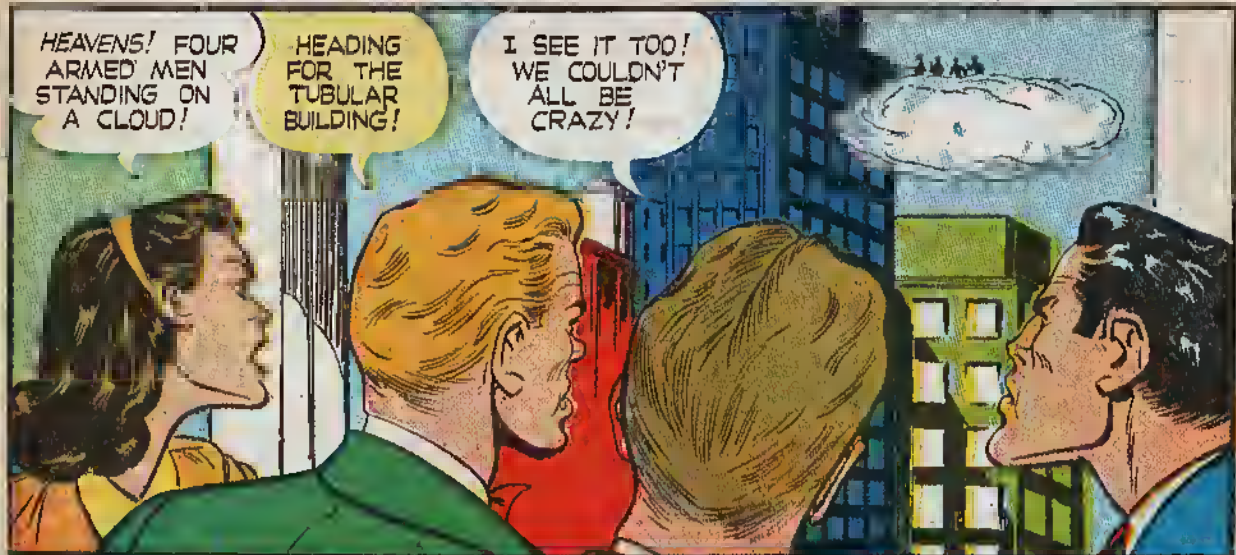
*The SKY'S THE LIMIT  
WHEN NILES REED AND  
HIS TARGETEERS BATTLE  
A GANG OF JEWEL ROBBERS  
HEADED BY "THE CLOUD  
CLIPPER!"*

NILES REED LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW OF THE  
TROUBLE-SHOOTER AGENCY...

IT COULDN'T BE  
POSSIBLE! AM I  
SEEING THINGS?

WHAT IS  
IT, NILES?





Q 5 What part of speech is the word "standing" as used in picture 1?



INSIDE THE OFFICE OF THE  
ACME JEWEL COMPANY...

PARDON  
ME, SIR. IS THIS  
THE ACME JEWEL COMPANY, OR  
DOES MY GREED DECEIVE ME?

W-WHAT? HOW  
DID YOU GET IN  
HERE?

YOU'LL HAVE  
TO LEAVE. THIS  
SHOWROOM  
IS PRIVATE!

IN THAT CASE, I  
DON'T WANT TO BE  
DISTURBED!

HERE'S A DOWN  
PAYMENT ON THESE  
PRETTY BAUBLES!

UGGH-H!

CRACK!

SOON...

THIS JOB'S  
ALMOST  
TOO EASY!

SUDDENLY...

I THOUGHT WE'D  
DISCOVER A  
ROBBERY!

CLIPPER'S BULLETS BOUNCE HARM-  
LESSLY OFF NILES'S BULLET-PROOF  
CHEST!

HEY, THIS IS  
A PRIVATE  
SHOWROOM!

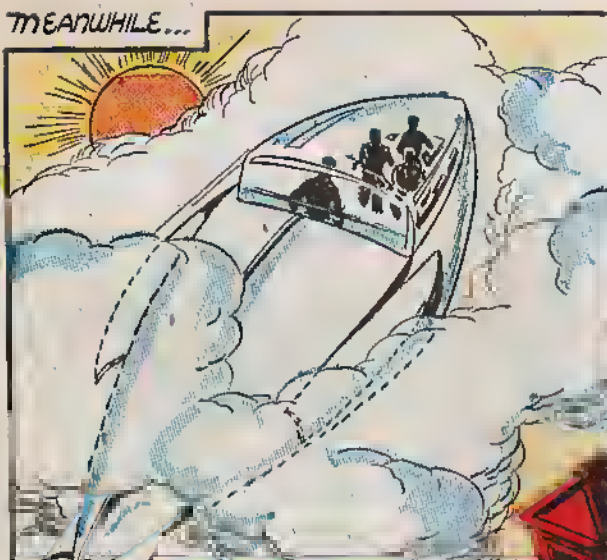
HOW ABOUT TRADING  
IT FOR A PRIVATE CELL  
IN THE STATE PENITENTIARY?



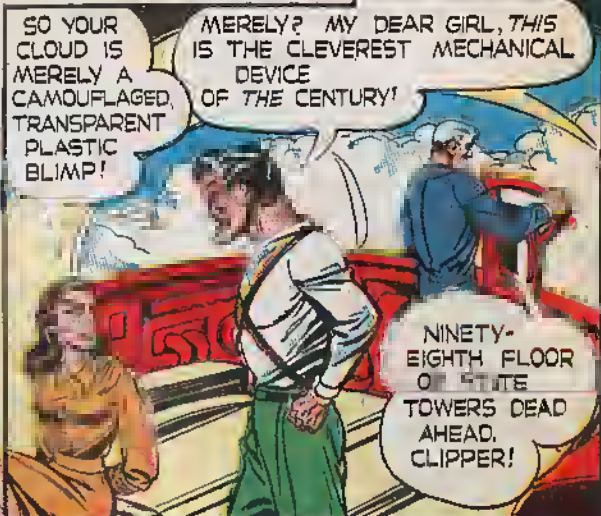




MEANWHILE...



INSIDE THE CABIN...



SO YOUR CLOUD IS MERELY A CAMOUFLAGED, TRANSPARENT PLASTIC BLIMP!

MERELY? MY DEAR GIRL, THIS IS THE CLEVEREST MECHANICAL DEVICE OF THE CENTURY!

NINETY-EIGHTH FLOOR OF STATE TOWERS DEAD AHEAD, CLIPPER!

*The HELMSMAN MANEUVERS THE CLOUD CLOSE TO THE SKYSCRAPER, AND...*



WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO WITH THE DAME, CLIPPER?

WE'LL GET RID OF HER LATER. FIRST, THERE IS THE LITTLE MATTER OF THE KOALA, THE WORLD'S LARGEST DIAMOND, TO ATTEND TO.



WHAT A BREAK! THE DOOR TO DE VAULT AIN'T EVEN LOCKED!

INTERNATIONAL IMPORTERS IS IN FOR A SURPRISE.

**S**UDDENLY...



WE'VE BEEN SAVING THE SURPRISE FOR YOU, CLIPPER!

**THE TARGETEERS!**  
HOW DID YOU KNOW?



NILE'S! CLIPPER'S GETTING AWAY!





TINA IS STILL ON  
THAT CLOUD, AND I'VE  
GOT TO STOP CLIPPER!



IT'S  
NINETY-  
EIGHT  
FLOORS  
TO THE  
STREET,  
THAT'S  
THREE!  
HAPPY  
LANDING!

NO, THAT'S ME!  
I PREFER THE  
ELEVATOR!



THIS  
IS  
FIRST  
DOWN!

UPHHH!

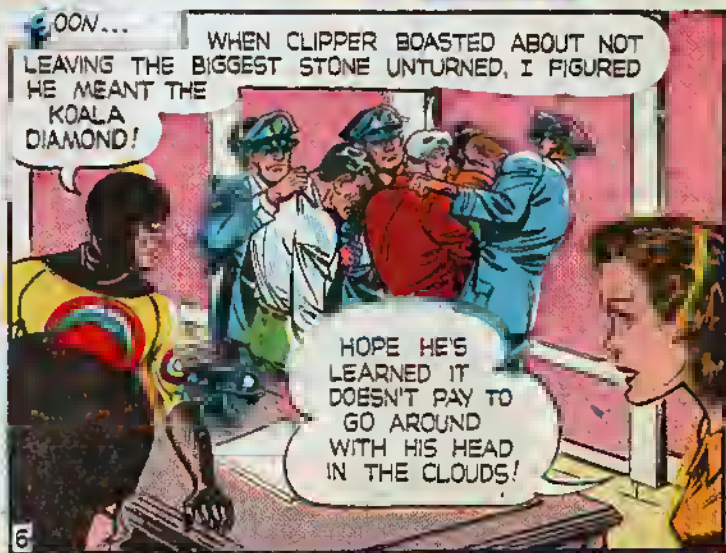


NINETY-EIGHT FLOORS, AND  
A FREE TRIP TO THE BIG  
HOUSE TO GO. LUCKY THAT  
GANGPLANK'S STILL THERE.  
I CAN USE IT!



ARE YOU  
ALL RIGHT,  
TINA?

YES, BUT  
PRECIOUS STONES  
MAKE A VERY  
UNCOMFORTABLE  
PILLOW!

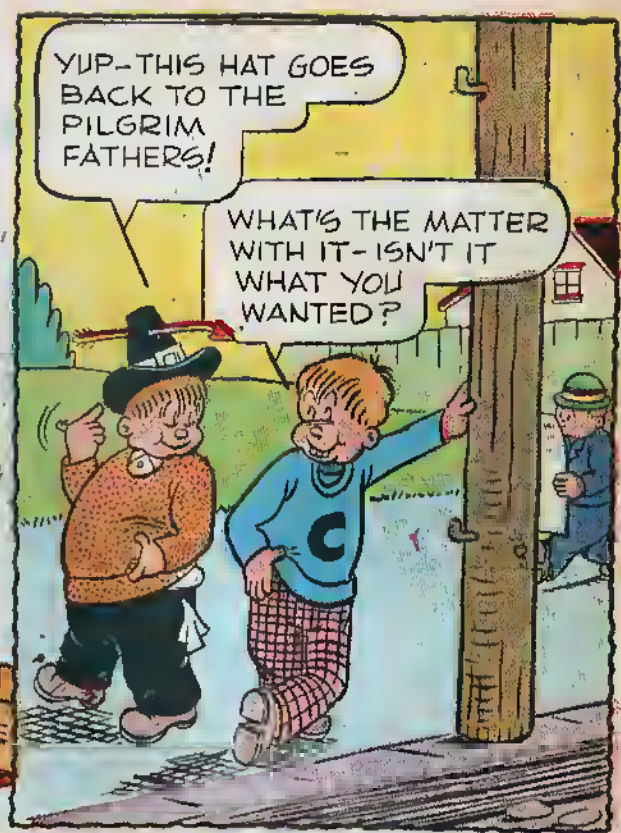


POON...


WHEN CLIPPER BOASTED ABOUT NOT  
LEAVING THE BIGGEST STONE UNTURNED, I FIGURED  
HE MEANT THE  
KOALA  
DIAMOND!

HOPE HE'S  
LEARNED IT  
DOESN'T PAY TO  
GO AROUND  
WITH HIS HEAD  
IN THE CLOUDS!

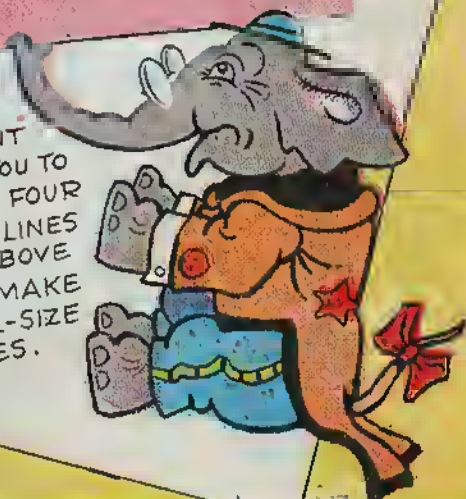




# MacArthur



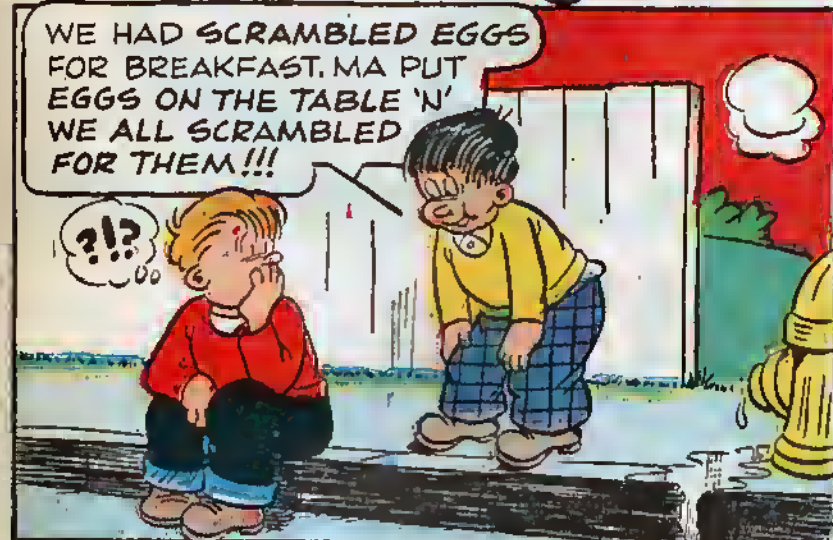
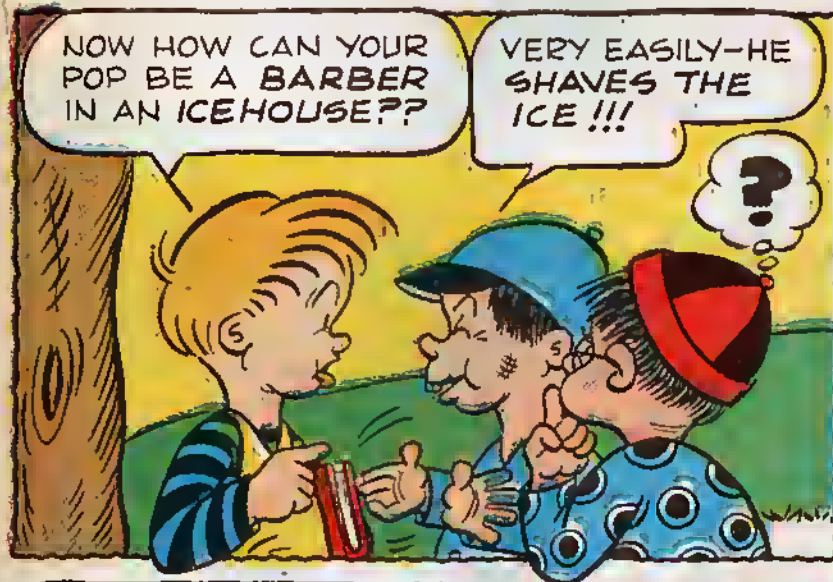
**T**RY TO GO OVER THE TOP TO WIN THIS VICTORY WORD GAME... YOU MUST SPELL AT LEAST **30** ENGLISH WORDS, OF TWO OR MORE LETTERS, BY USING ONLY THE LETTERS IN **MACARTHUR**.



**MR.** ELEPHANT WANTS YOU TO ADD JUST FOUR STRAIGHT LINES TO THE ABOVE DESIGN TO MAKE NINE EQUAL-SIZE TRIANGLES.

ANSWERS ON NEXT TO LAST PAGE OF BOOK ...





**WORLD'S RAREST STAMP!** Everyone would like to own the world's rarest postage stamp, valued at \$50,000. Most albums have a place for this 1-penny red stamp of British Guiana of 1856. But, only one is known to exist! So that every collector may have a reproduction copy of the world's rarest stamp for their album, we have designed from the original plate an exact copy in color of this \$50,000 stamp beauty. We will send one, without charge, together with a collection of 100 different guaranteed genuine stamps of the world, for only 10c to approval applicants. Only 1 order per person. **WMA PENN STAMP CO., P.O. Box 303, Philadelphia 5, Pa., Dept. 462.**

## UNITED STATES BARGAIN



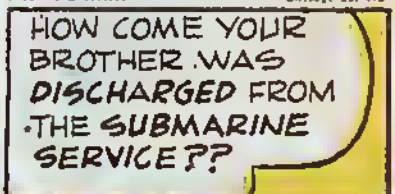
It couldn't be more unbelievable, but it's true! 50 different United States stamps existing in one as late as over 80 years and in face value as high as one dollar. Only postage, commemorative and etc. mainly included. Nothing else. Extra 2 Jap Occupation of Philippines, all for only 10c to approval applicants. Please state whether approval shall consist of U.S. or foreign stamps or both.

**GLOBUS STAMP CO., 768 South Cox, N.Y. 10, N.Y., Dept. 437**

## REFRIGERATION

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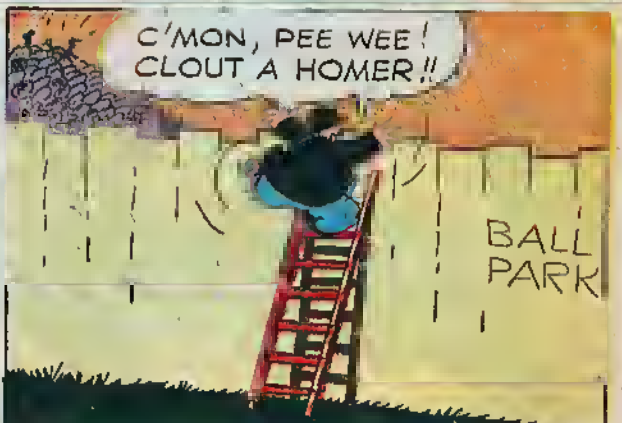
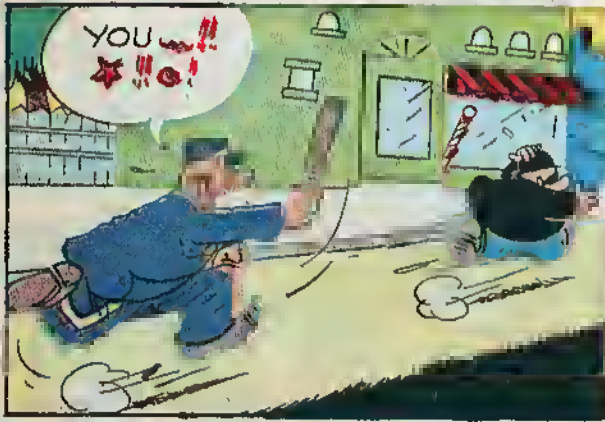
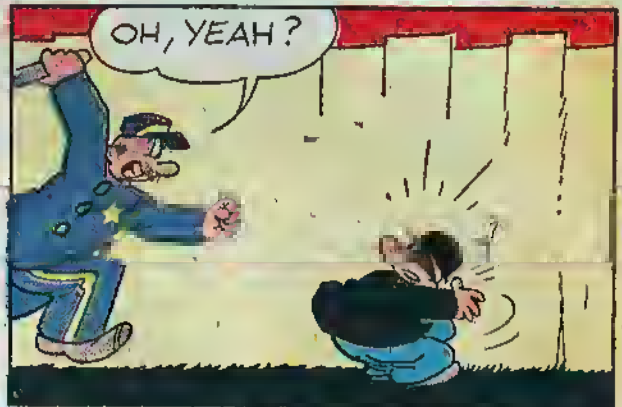
A trained man will sell in service, install, maintain, repair, rebuild household and commercial refrigerators. Appliances for full time, extra time service. Train at home or in our big store. Approved for Veterans, Union Veterans. Double check our Low Paymen Plan and Free After Graduation Plan. Send for FREE Booklet and full information. No obligation. **COMMERCIAL TRADES INSTITUTE, Dept. A72-40, 1400 W. Greenleaf, Chicago 26, ILL.**



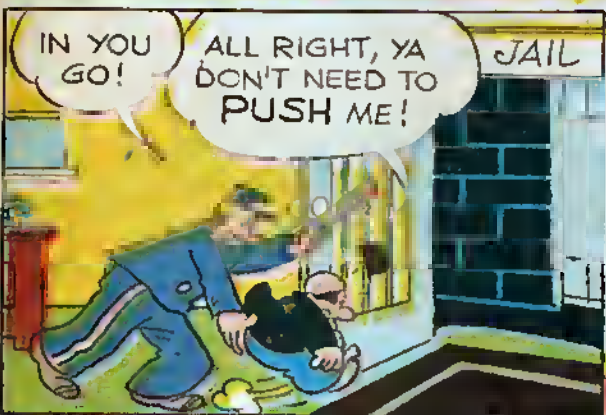


# BOITRAM THE BOIGLAR

BY ART HELFANT









# A CAMERA CAN'T LIE

CONSTABLE Keech was pretty well pleased with himself the day he had poor Old Jake locked up. But the constable was the only one in Centerville who felt that way. Almost everybody else here liked Old Jake, especially we kids.

Keech called Old Jake a tramp. He was wrong. Old Jake may not have had a regular job, but he was always ready to lend a helping hand.

Take Jake's jalopy, for example. He built it himself, of old auto parts from the junkyard. More than once it hauled us kids to the picnic grounds and saved us a long, hot walk.

Jake was a good driver too. I remembered that the Saturday afternoon some hit-run driver knocked over Centerville's new traffic-light post and kept on going. I knew Jake didn't do it. But Constable Keech knew otherwise.

"I knew it was that bum in his old rattletrap the minute a green streak zipped past me on Main Street," Keech gloated.

Yes, Jake's jalopy was painted green, all right. But that didn't prove his car left the green spots on the broken light-standard.

"Shortly after three o'clock, it was," the constable continued. "I heard the courthouse clock strike the hour just before this lawbreaker tore through town. Lucky he didn't kill nobody, with so many visitors here for the opening of Old Home Week."

Old Jake, as usual, could not

remember what he was doing on Saturday at exactly three o'clock. But he knew he hadn't hit a traffic light.

"I chased him nigh onto fifteen minutes," bragged the constable. "Then he ducked into a back road and I lost him."

"Feed Pinkie for me while I'm locked up, will you, Joe?" Jake asked me when I stopped to see him at the jail.

"Sure I will, Jake," I promised. Pinkie was one of the pigeons Old Jake used to feed near the bandstand. That reminded me of a picture of those pigeons I snapped on Saturday. I had left the film at the drugstore, so I stopped to get the prints on my way home.

I showed Uncle Bob my pictures. He had been trying to give me some pointers on photography.

"Terrible, as usual!" he groaned. "Haven't I told you to hold the camera straight. Look at this one. The bandstand's practically on its side. The courthouse leans like the Tower of Pisa. What were you shooting at anyway?"

"Only some pigeons," I said.

"Too bad you didn't get Old Jake in the picture," Uncle Bob remarked. He's a lawyer, so he was interested in Jake's case. "I notice it was just three o'clock by the courthouse clock when you took the picture."

All excited, I grabbed the print. Old Jake just *might* have been there. He spent most of

his time loafing around the bandstand.

"Jeepers! He's there!" I yelled, pointing to a tiny figure. It wasn't very clear, but it was Old Jake all right. "Wait till I show *this* to the judge!"

"Hold on," my uncle cautioned. "That picture might have been taken on Friday or Monday. How can you prove it was three o'clock on Saturday?"

Uncle Bob had me there. For a minute, I couldn't even think. Then the proof I needed practically hit me between the eyes.

"The band!" I shouted, pointing to the picture. "Saturday's the first time they've played in months. Lucky Centerville happened to be celebrating Old Home Week on Saturday!"

Uncle Bob went with me to see the judge. His Honor took one squint at my snapshot and pronounced his verdict: "Not guilty." He called in the constable and gave *him* a verdict too.

Uncle Bob and I walked out of the courthouse with Old Jake. Jake stopped to feed Pinkie on his shoulder.

"Joe," he said to me, "I ain't never wanted a picture of myself before. But I'd like that snapshot you took. I call that real good picture-takin'."

Uncle Bob grinned when I handed over the crooked print.

"Maybe you didn't hold it straight," he admitted, "but at least your camera told the truth."

THE END

# GARY STARK

by  
DON  
RICO

## DIAMONDS!

**B**EAUTIFUL, SHINING,  
VALUABLE PIECES OF  
ICE! ... CAUSE OF  
MUCH TROUBLE AND  
ADVENTURE!

**N**OW GARY STARK  
AND HIS PALS FIND  
THEMSELVES MIXED  
UP WITH A DIAMOND  
SMUGGLER WHO HAS  
PLENTY OF GLAMOR!



**O**N BOARD A SHIP BOUND FOR  
THE UNITED STATES...

AH! PEACE  
AND QUIET  
AT LAST!

...WE  
HOPE!

SOMEHOW,  
MATES,  
WHEREVER  
WE ARE,  
THERE TROUBLE!

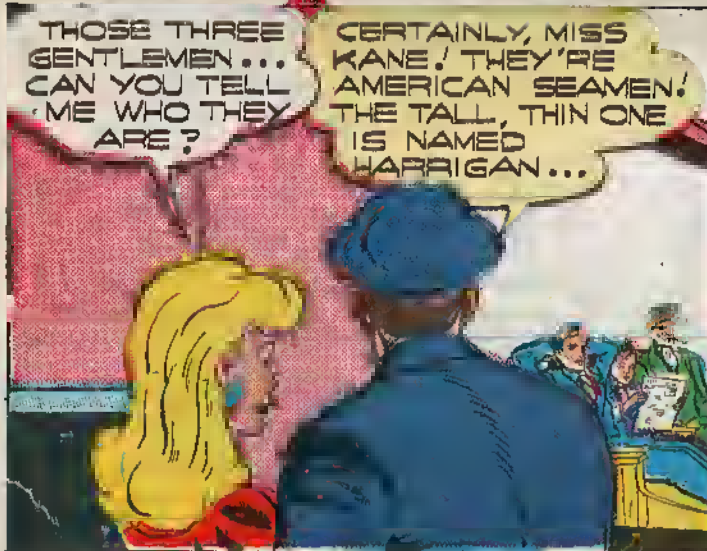


OH...  
STEWARD!

YES, MISS  
KANE!







THOSE THREE GENTLEMEN... CAN YOU TELL ME WHO THEY ARE?

CERTAINLY, MISS KANE! THEY'RE AMERICAN SEAMEN! THE TALL, THIN ONE IS NAMED HARRIGAN...



THE DARK MAN IS A MR. ROBERT CARTER AND THE BOY'S NAME IS GARY STARK!

HMMM!



THEY INTRIGUE ME, STEWARD! ER...CAN YOU ARRANGE TO SEAT ME WITH THEM AT DINNER?

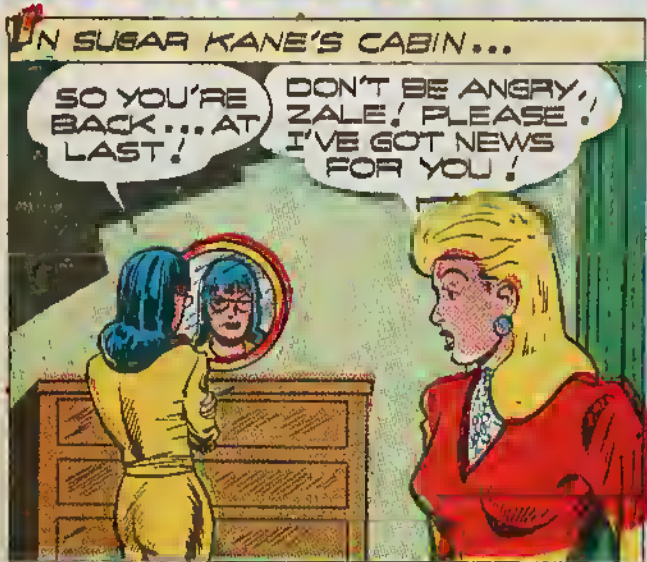


WHY...AH...OF COURSE, MISS KANE! CERTAINLY! AND THANK YOU. THANK YOU!



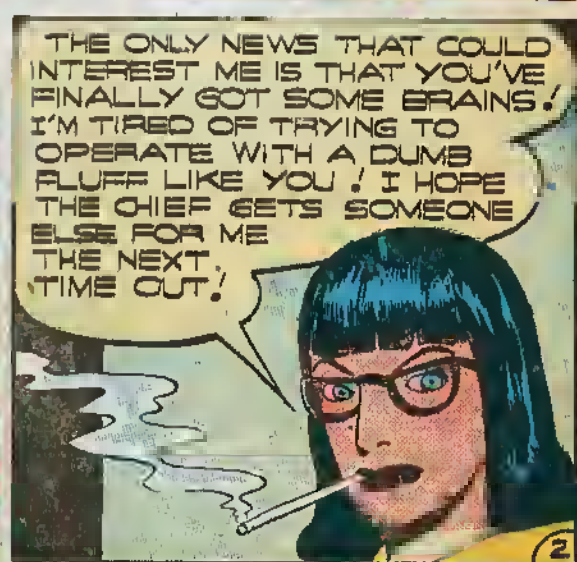
THANK YOU!

YES'M!



SO YOU'RE BACK... AT LAST!

DON'T BE ANGRY, ZALE! PLEASE! I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU!



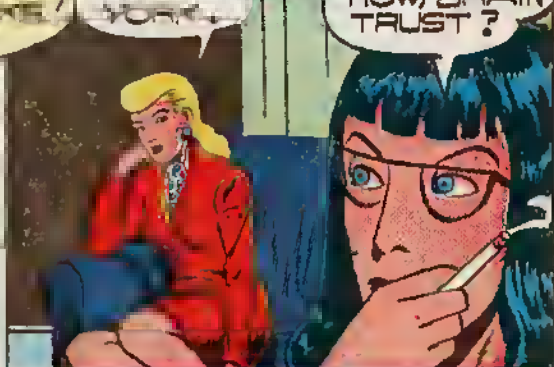
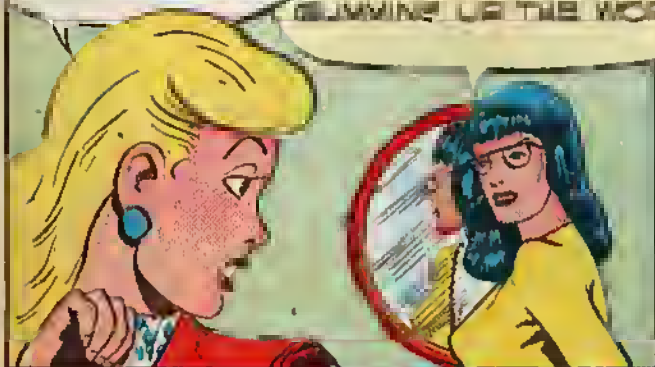
THE ONLY NEWS THAT COULD INTEREST ME IS THAT YOU'VE FINALLY GOT SOME BRAINS! I'M TIRED OF TRYING TO OPERATE WITH A DUMB FLUFF LIKE YOU! I HOPE THE CHIEF GETS SOMEONE ELSE FOR ME THE NEXT TIME OUT!

ZALE! NO! THE CHIEF WOULD HAVE ME KILLED IF HE THOUGHT I'D FLOPPED ON ANOTHER JOB!

YES... AND YOU'O HAVE IT COMING! THIS DIAMOND SMUGGLING RACKET IS TOUGH ENOUGH WITHOUT YOU BUMMING UP THE WORK!

BUT I'LL MAKE UP FOR QUEERING THAT LAST JOB! I'LL GET THIS LOAD OF ICE OFF THE SHIP WHEN WE GET TO NEW YORK!

HUMPH! HOW, BRAIN TRUST?

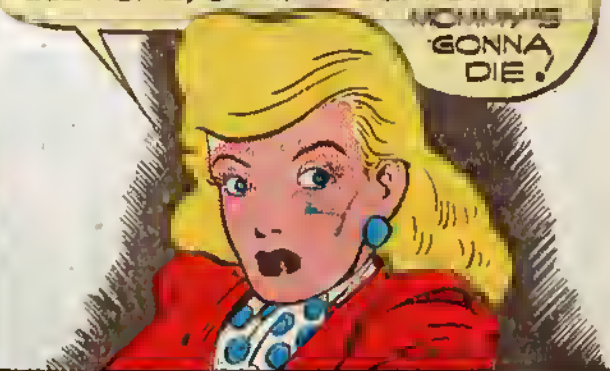


THERE ARE THREE AMERICAN SEAMEN ON BOARD... NOW IF I CAN GET ONE OF THEM TO FALL FOR ME... WELL, I COULD FEED HIM A SOB-STORY ABOUT ME HAVING A SICK MOTHER...

GO ON.

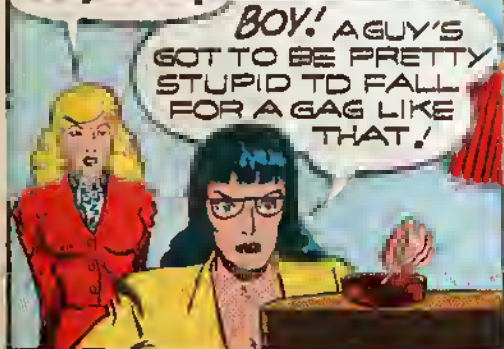


... AND MY TAKING SOME MEDICINE TO HER, BUT IT'S AGAINST THE LAW TO BRING THIS KIND OF STUFF INTO AMERICA! I'VE GOTTA SNEAK IT PAST THE CUSTOMS, OR MY POOR OLD MOTHER'S GONNA DIE!



THEN... I GIVE HIM THE ICE IN A SEALED BOX, AND TELL HIM NOT TO OPEN IT AS EXPOSURE WILL SPILL THE STUFF! SEE? HE TAKES THE RISK. NOT IS! SEE?

BOY! A GUY'S GOT TO BE PRETTY STUPID TO FALL FOR A GAG LIKE THAT!



OH... DON'T WORRY! ONE OF THOSE FELLOWS LOOKS VERY DUMB INDEED.



WELL... YOU OUGHT TO KNOW! AND YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! GO AHEAD, SUGAR, GO INTO YOUR ACT!

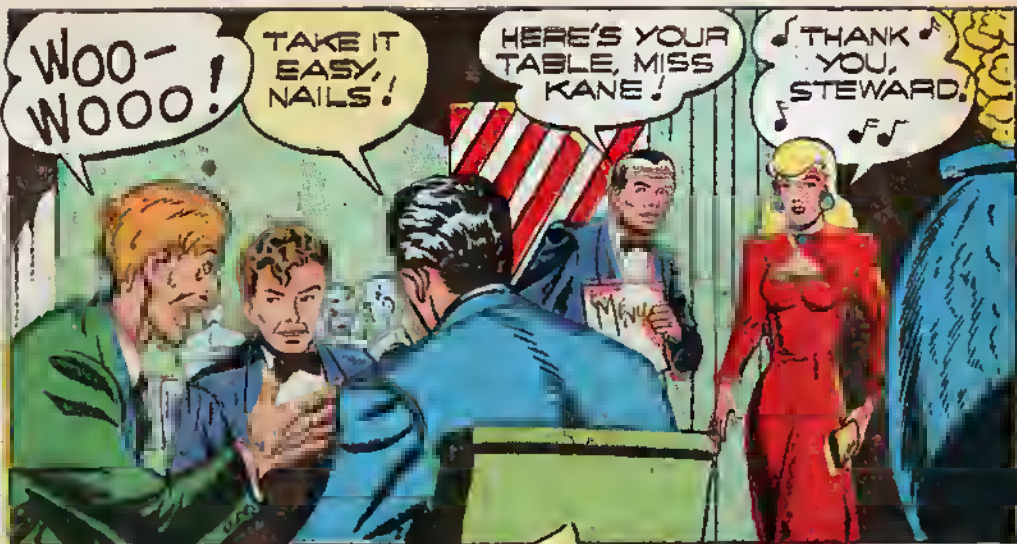
OKAY, ZALE! WATCH MY SMOKE!





AND SO  
THE SPIDER  
SPINS HER  
INSIDIOUS  
WEB...!

AT DINNER  
THAT  
EVENING...

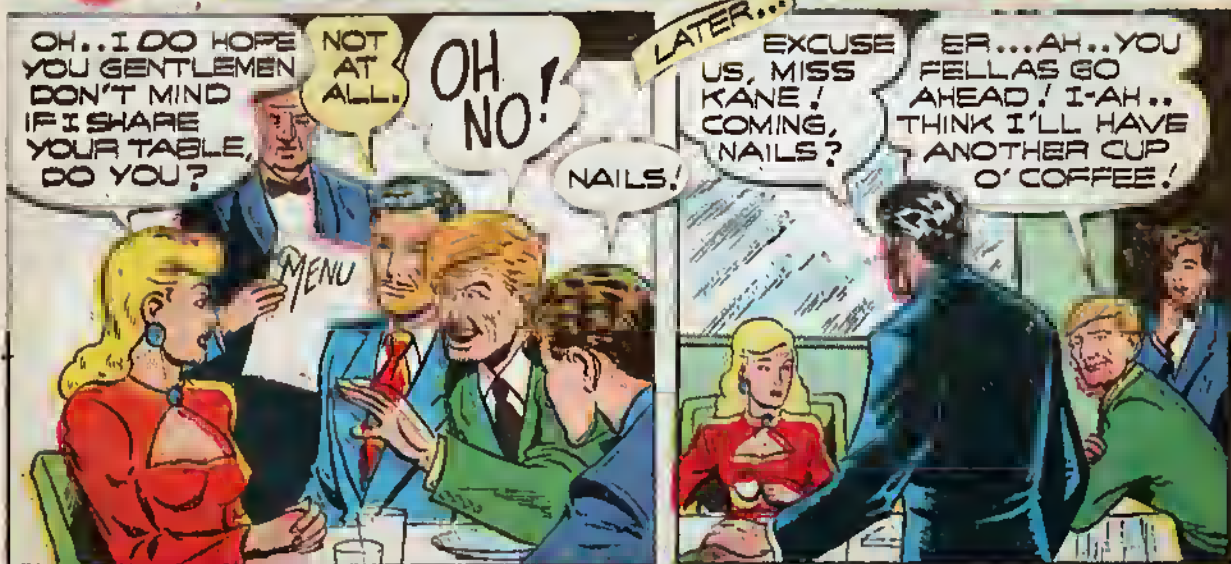


WOO-  
WOOO!

TAKE IT  
EASY,  
NAILS!

HERE'S YOUR  
TABLE, MISS  
KANE!

THANK  
YOU,  
STEWARD.



OH...I DO HOPE  
YOU GENTLEMEN  
DON'T MIND  
IF I SHARE  
YOUR TABLE,  
DO YOU?

NOT  
AT  
ALL!

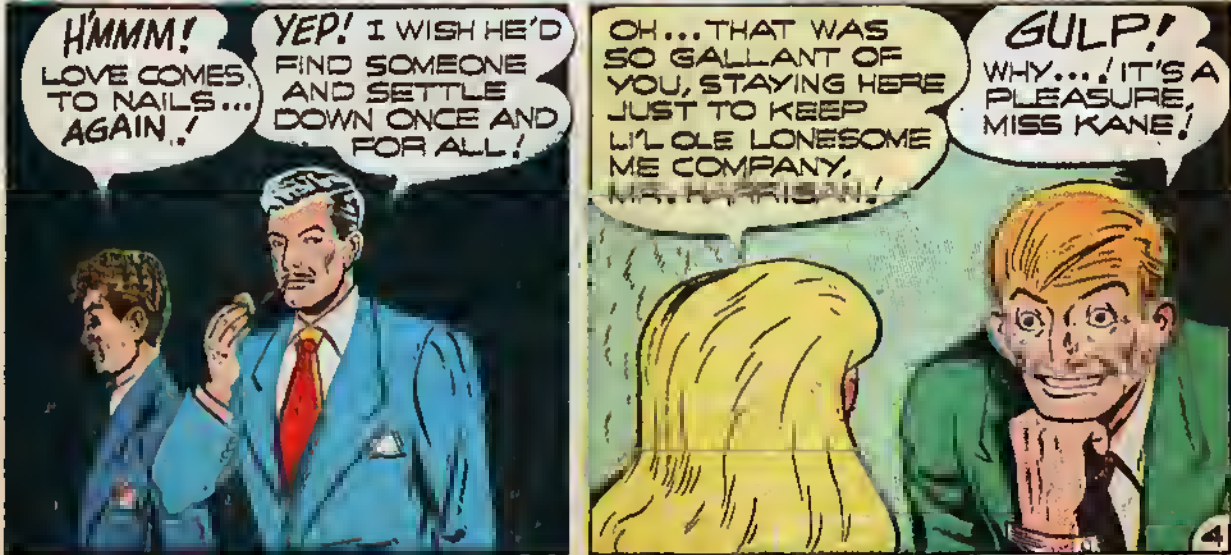
OH  
NO!

NAILS!

LATER...

EXCUSE  
US, MISS  
KANE!  
COMING,  
NAILS?

ER...AH...YOU  
FELLAS GO  
AHEAD! I-AH..  
THINK I'LL HAVE  
ANOTHER CUP  
O' COFFEE!

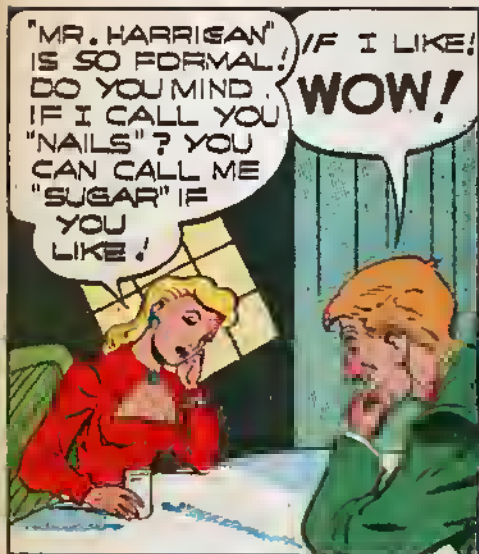


HMMM!  
LOVE COMES  
TO NAILS...  
AGAIN..!

YEP! I WISH HE'D  
FIND SOMEONE  
AND SETTLE  
DOWN ONCE AND  
FOR ALL!

OH...THAT WAS  
SO GALLANT OF  
YOU, STAYING HERE  
JUST TO KEEP  
W'L OLE LONESOME  
ME COMPANY,  
MR. HARRISON!

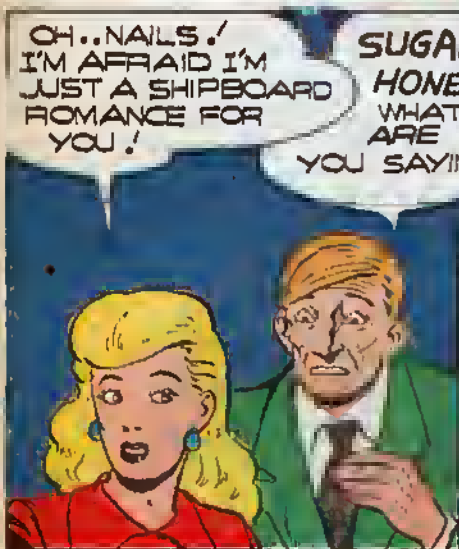
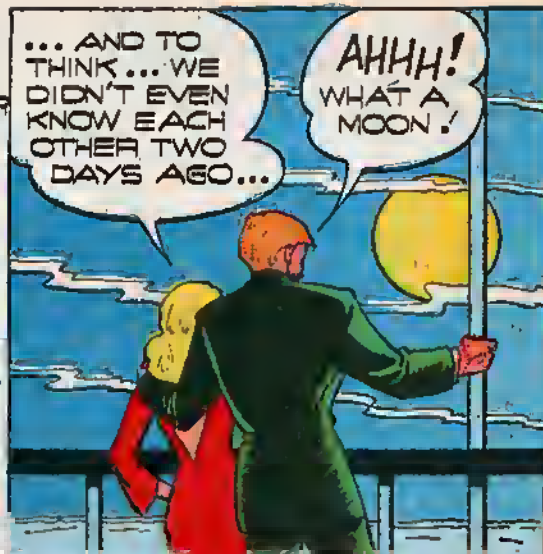
GULP!  
WHY...! IT'S A  
PLEASURE,  
MISS KANE!



The WEB SPINS TIGHTER AND TIGHTER AROUND NAILS.

**S**UGAR KANE'S PLOT IS WORKING OUT PERFECTLY!

**A** FEW NIGHTS LATER...



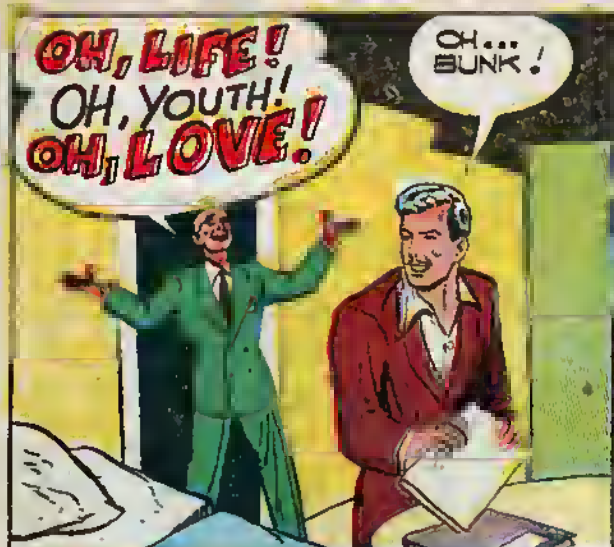
WELL, A SOPHISTICATED MAN-OF-THE-WORLD LIKE YOU CAN'T TAKE A MEETING LIKE THIS SERIOUSLY, CAN YOU NOW?



**A**N HOUR OR TWO LATER, THE CABIN OF SUGAR AND ZALE STORM...

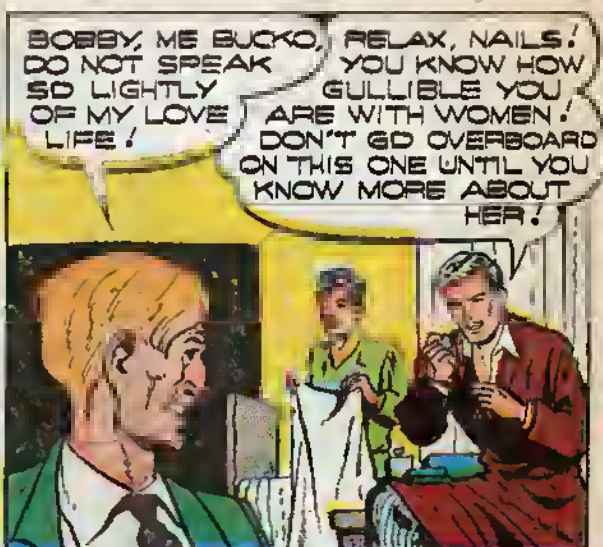






OH, LIFE!  
OH, YOUTH!  
OH, LOVE!

OH...  
BUNK!



BOBBY, ME BUCKO, RELAX, NAILS!  
DO NOT SPEAK SO LIGHTLY  
OF MY LOVE LIFE!  
YOU KNOW HOW GULLIBLE YOU  
ARE WITH WOMEN!  
DON'T GO OVERBOARD  
ON THIS ONE UNTIL YOU  
KNOW MORE ABOUT  
HER!



HER EYES ARE  
BLUE / HER HAIR  
IS BLONDE ... AND  
HER SMILE IS  
SWEET / THAT'S  
ALL I WANT TO  
KNOW.



OKAY, NAILS, YOU'RE OLD  
ENOUGH TO KNOW WHAT  
YOU'RE DOING / YOU'RE  
ON YOUR OWN!

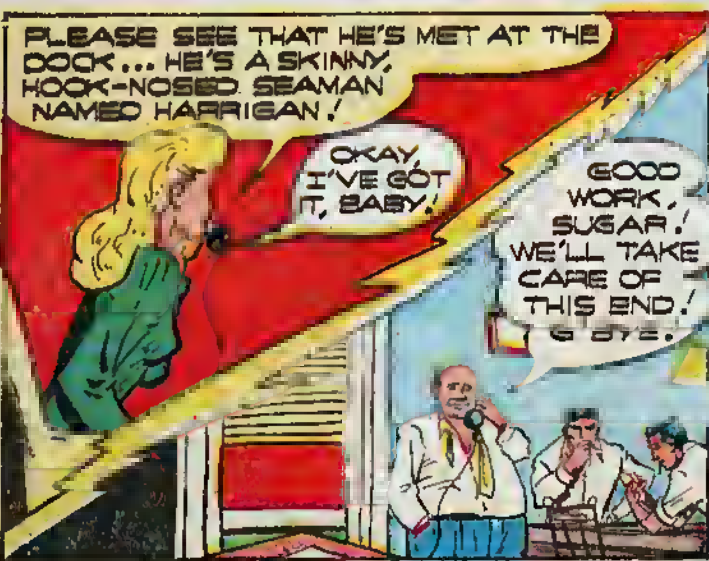
AW...  
YOU'RE  
JUST JEALOUS  
'CAUSE SHE  
DIDN'T FALL  
FOR YOU!

**M**EANWHILE, SUGAR KANE  
MAKES A SHIP-TO-SHORE CALL.



HI, BLUBBER! EVERYTHING'S  
GOING FINE! GOT  
SOMEBODY TO CARRY  
MY LUGGAGE FOR  
ME... YOU KNOW?

YEAH!  
YEAH!  
GO ON!

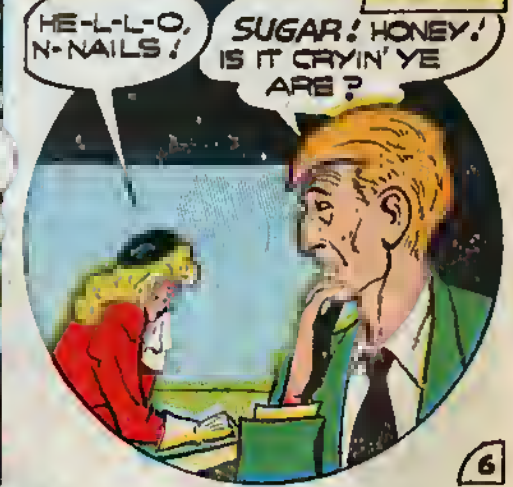


PLEASE SEE THAT HE'S MET AT THE  
DOCK... HE'S A SKINNY,  
HOOK-NOSED SEAMAN  
NAMED HARRIGAN!

OKAY,  
I'VE GOT  
IT, BABY!

GOOD  
WORK,  
SUGAR!  
WE'LL TAKE  
CARE OF  
THIS END!  
G BYE.

**T**HE NEXT DAY, NAILS MEETS  
SUGAR.



HE-L-L-O,  
N-NAILS!

SUGAR! HONEY!  
IS IT CRYIN' YE  
ARE?

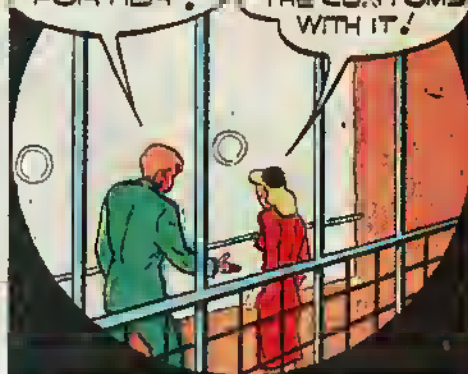
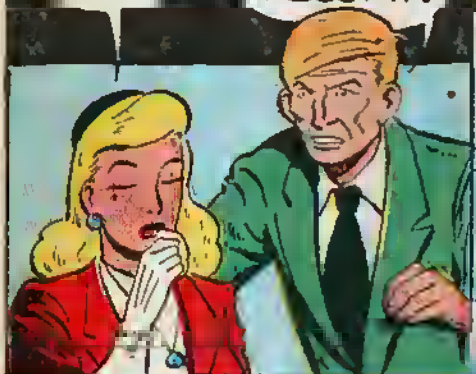
OH...IT'S NOTHING, REALLY! IT WOULDN'T INTEREST YOU, NAILS!

BUT IT WOULD, MY LITTLE COLLEEN! TELL ME ABOUT IT!

IT'S MY MOTHER. SHE'S VERY SICK AND NEEDS A RARE MEDICINE, OR SHE'LL... SHE'LL NEVER GET WELL!

OH! THE POOR LADY! AND CAN'T YE GET THIS MEDICINE FOR HER?

I'VE GOT IT ALL RIGHT, BUT THEY'LL NEVER LET ME PAST THE CUSTOMS WITH IT!



HMMM!

IT'S FORBIDDEN IN AMERICA! BUT MOTHER WILL NEVER GET WELL UNLESS SHE GETS IT! OH, NAILS! WHAT SHALL I DO?



BEGORRA! I WISH I COULD...

**NAILS! DARLING!** WOULD YOU? OH! I KNEW YOU'D HELP ME!



WELL... HERE IT IS, NAILS! YOU'RE SMART. YOU CAN GET IT PAST THE CUSTOMS!



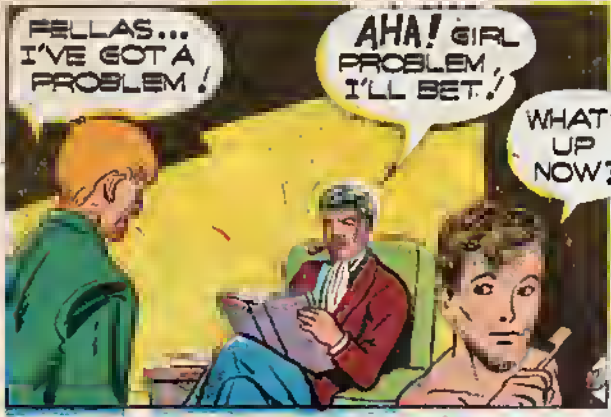
WE DOCK TOMORROW. AFTER YOU GET THAT BOX ASHORE, MEET ME IN THE LOBBY OF THE CROWN BUILDING! BUT I'VE GOT TO WASH YOU, SWEETS!



DON'T OPEN THE BOX! IF YOU EXPOSE THE MEDICINE TO AIR, IT'LL BE WORTHLESS! GOOD-BYE, NOW!



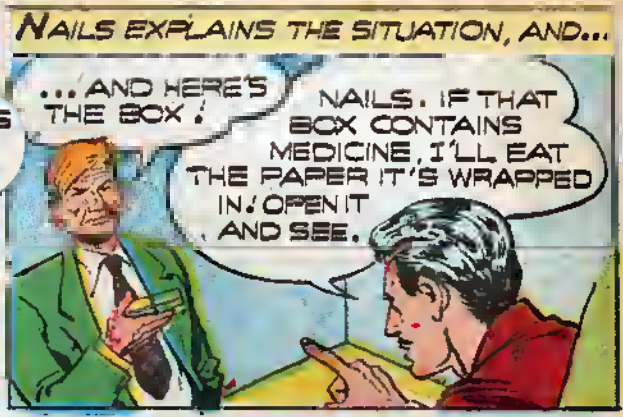




FELLAS... I'VE GOT A PROBLEM!

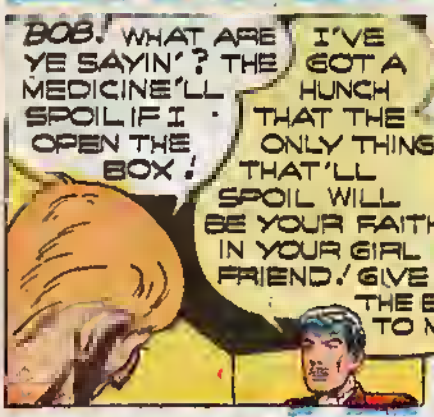
AHA! GIRL PROBLEM, I'LL BET!

WHAT'S UP NOW?



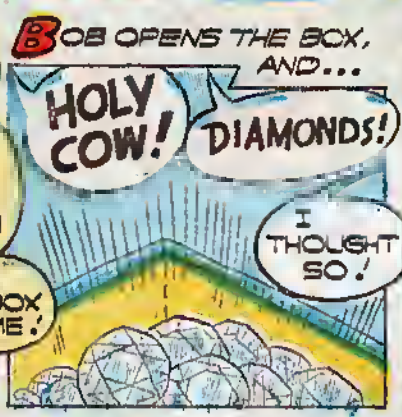
NAILS EXPLAINS THE SITUATION, AND...  
...AND HERE'S THE BOX!

NAILS. IF THAT BOX CONTAINS MEDICINE, I'LL EAT THE PAPER IT'S WRAPPED IN. OPEN IT AND SEE.



BOB! WHAT ARE YE SAYIN'? THE MEDICINE'LL SPOIL IF I OPEN THE BOX!

I'VE GOT A HUNCH THAT THE ONLY THING THAT'LL SPOIL WILL BE YOUR FAITH IN YOUR GIRL FRIEND! GIVE THE BOX TO ME!

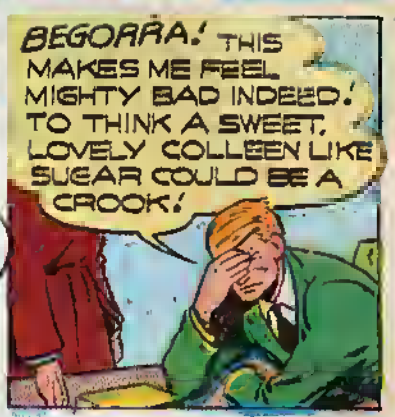


BOB OPENS THE BOX, AND...

HOLY COW!

DIAMONDS!

I THOUGHT SO!



BEGORRA! THIS MAKES ME FEEL MIGHTY BAD INDEED! TO THINK A SWEET, LOVELY COLLEEN LIKE SUGAR COULD BE A CROOK!



LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE MIXED UP WITH A SMUGGLER, NAILS... AND SHE WANTS YOU TO BE THE FALL GUY!

GOSH! I'LL NEVER GET OVER IT!



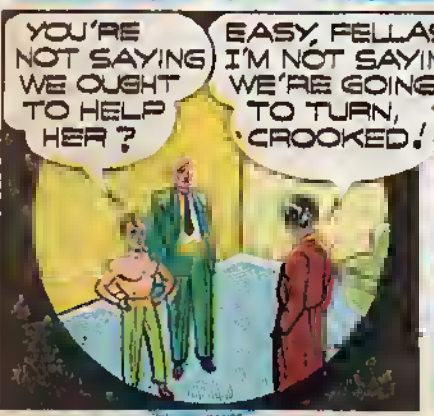
WHAT'LL I DO NOW, I ASK YE?

GO THROUGH WITH IT!



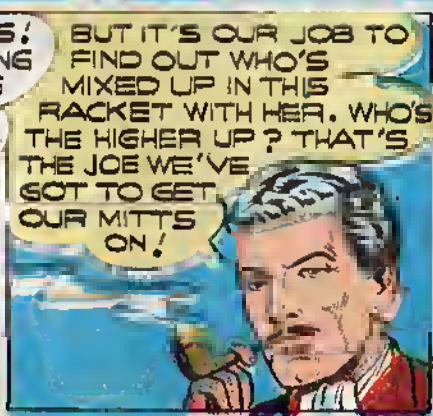
WHAT!

BOBBY! ARE YE MAD?

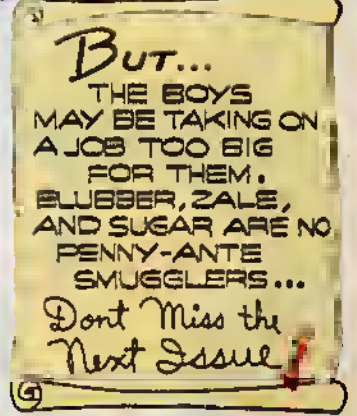


YOU'RE NOT SAYING WE OUGHT TO HELP HER?

EASY, FELLAS! I'M NOT SAYING WE'RE GOING TO TURN, CROOKED!



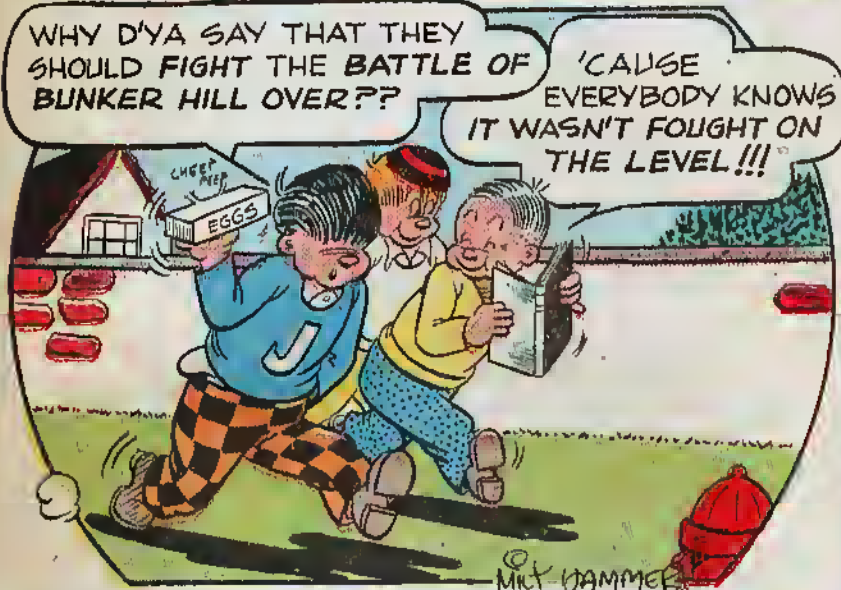
BUT IT'S OUR JOB TO FIND OUT WHO'S MIXED UP IN THIS RACKET WITH HER. WHO'S THE HIGHER UP? THAT'S THE JOE WE'VE GOT TO GET OUR MITTS ON!



But...

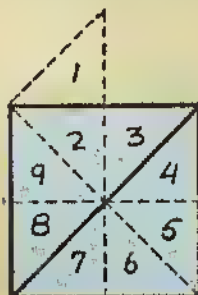
THE BOYS MAY BE TAKING ON A JOB TOO BIG FOR THEM. SLUBBER, ZALE, AND SUGAR ARE NO PENNY-ANTE SMUGGLERS...

Don't Miss the Next Issue!



# **ANSWERS TO PUZZLE PAGE...** **WORDS FROM MACARTHUR. 9 EQUAL-SIZE TRIANGLES...**

MARCH, MART, ART, HURT,  
 HARM, CRAM, MATCH,  
 HAM, AT, RAT, BUT, HA,  
 RAM, CAM, MAR, ARM,  
 AH, AM, MA, MAT, HUM,  
 TRAM, ACT, CUT, HUT,  
 RUM, TAR, CHART, HAT,  
 CUR, CAR, ARC, ARCH...



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**SPORTSMAN JR.**

prices air pistol. X-ray built. full size target gun shoots either standard BBs, pellets or steel darts. single-action commercial chamber. single shot silent shooting. Use in doors or out doors. loaded after famous target pistol. economical to operate. Die cast all metal. mounted grip; machined steel chamber and barrel. 8-in. long. 4 1/2-in. deep. full size weighs 15 oz.

**Shoots BBs Darts Pellets**

**\$3.49**

No C.O.D. Cash only. 3 pkgs. 35¢, 17¢, 17¢. 50¢ for 35-30 steel darts. 35¢ package. (Order plainly) Retailer BDC JOHNSON SMITH & CO., Dept. B-236 Detroit 7, Mich.

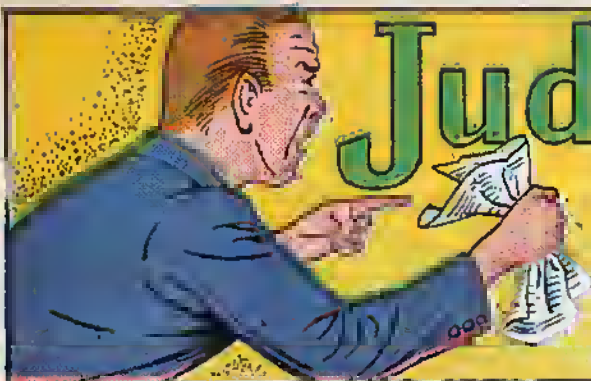
MY POP SAYS THAT IF I GROW UP TO BE EXACTLY LIKE HIM, HE'D HAVE A DAUGHTER THAT EVERYONE WOULD ADMIRE !!!

SURE-YOU'D BE THE ONLY GIRL IN TOWN WITH A MUSTACHE !!!





# Judgment Day



**"YOU** can't print anything like that, Ira!" Johnny Colmar, typesetter of the Centreville High *Clarion* said, shaking Ira Lear's latest copy under the columnist's nose. "I won't set it up!"

Ira Lear laughed nastily. He reached over and took the copy out of Johnny's hand.

"Oh, no? This is my last column before I graduate and I'm going to say anything I please! You're just the typesetter . . . I'm the big shot around here! Listen to this one . . . 'The well-combed hair sported by Professor Landry has aroused much admiration among his co-workers of the fair sex! Few of them know, however, that the learned professor left his hair in the washroom yesterday . . . Shine, prof?' How's that, Colmar?"

Johnny flushed angrily. "It's a rotten trick, Ira! You won't get away with it!"

"Well, you can't do anything about it!" Ira sneered. "What you say or do isn't important! If I make a mistake, I hear about it! But you . . . what do a few typographical errors matter?"

Johnny turned brick-red but he kept his temper. He took the copy and turned toward the press.

"Okay, big shot, anything you say!" he said patiently. "The paper will be out in about an hour."

Ira waited for the paper in the school auditorium. Professor Landry was saying a few last words at an informal meet-

ing of the senior class and Ira was restless. He didn't like the professor and didn't try to conceal it. As a matter of fact, there was practically nobody whom Ira would permit himself to like.

He was squirming in his chair when Johnny Colmar staggered onto the stage with the latest issue of the *Clarion*, just off the press. The students, led by Professor Landry, made a dash to get copies.

Ira settled back in the seat and prepared to watch the fun. He greedily anticipated Professor Landry's discomfiture and watched impatiently as the teacher turned to his column.

The professor read and then reread in a quick double-take. He smiled widely, then chuckled, finally broke into a guffaw. Many students were chuckling heartily. Ira rose on a hunch and elbowed his way to the paper pile.

He turned impatiently, looking for the familiar **HERE'S THE FACTS** by **IRA LEAR**. It was there in big type, bigger than usual. **HERE'S THE FACTS** by **IM A LIAR**! Ira whirled on Johnny Colmar smiling at his side.

"I suppose you think that's funny, Colmar!" Ira was nearly hysterical, the paper wadded in a fist under Johnny's nose.

"Just a typographical error, Ira!" Johnny drawled, smiling gently. "Remember, you said they weren't important?"

THE END

And to think they used to call me

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1, 1/2, 1, 1/2

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6

PUZZLE PAGE

1/2

BOITHEAM.

HELPERANT \*

2

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8

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